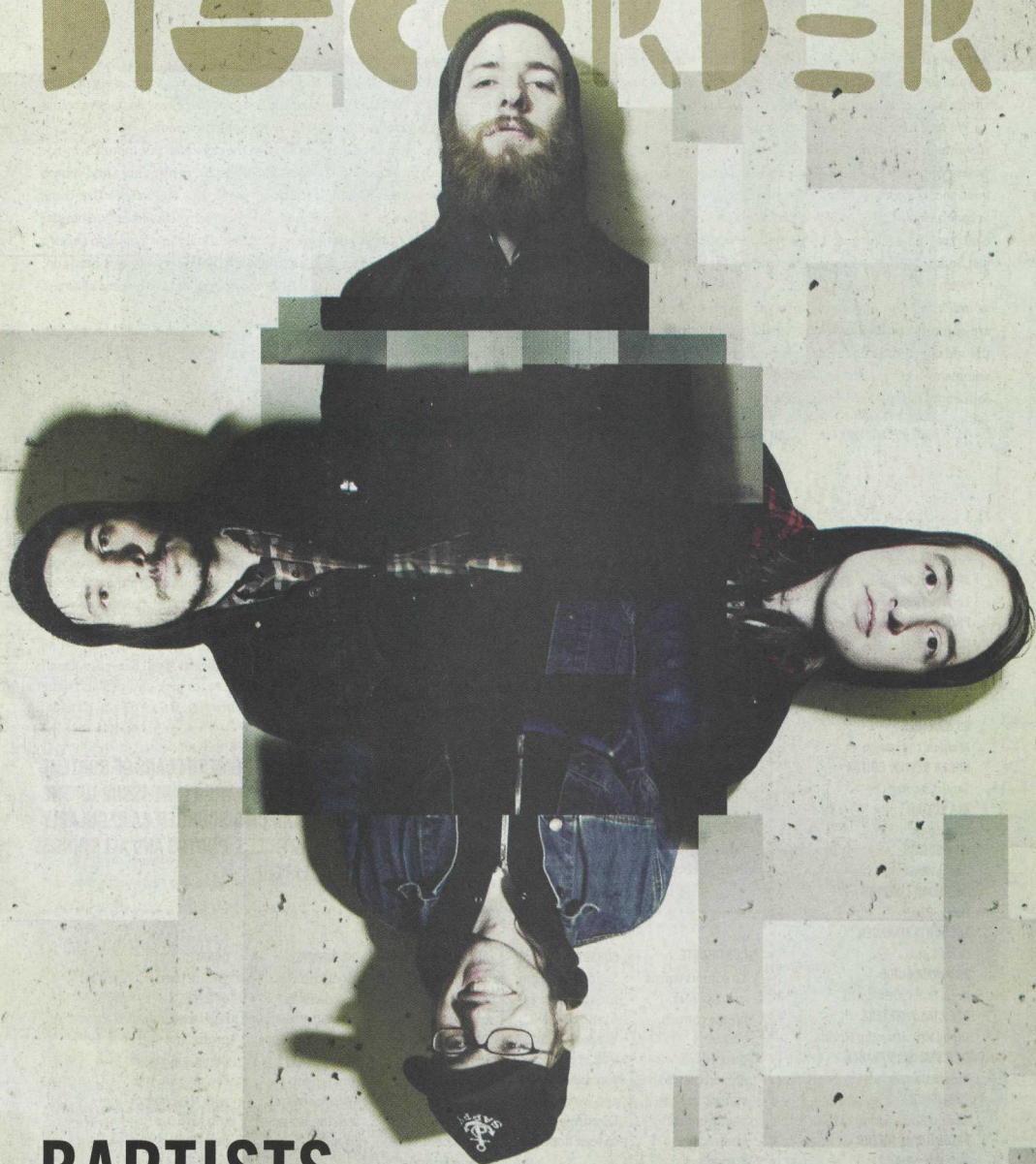


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BAPTISTS

DIRTY BEACHES / BRAIDS / DRIP AUDIO / MOTHER MOTHER / TORO Y MOI / WELCOME TO PINE POINT / JEFFRY LEE

EDITOR'S NOTE

As I write this, the sun is shining brightly, but it's freezing cold in Vancouver. Despite some serious late-February flurries, at least according to my calendar, spring has almost sprung. Frankly, I can't wait.

We may have been spared the bitter blizzards that rocked the East Coast all winter long, but there's still something about the colder months that make us less willing to brave the outdoors. But it's not like there was a shortage of good shows coming through town. Just check out our Real Live Action section. Sebadoh? Das Racist? Godspeed You! Black Emperor? There were some quality concerts going on for sure, but, to be honest, there were many a night where I just huddled inside under a blanket once it got dark outside.

With the spring thaw upon us, I'm going to do my darnedest to go out as much as I can. Apparently so are a number of local acts. Mother Mother are currently making their way across North America, bringing with them the quirky sounds of their latest pop-hybrid *Eureka*. Haunted sock hop soundsmith Dirty Beaches is currently crossing the continent with fellow lo-fi enthusiasts Dum Dum Girls; he'll be back for a gig at the Waldorf on

April 7. Let's make sure we all go.

As for cover stars Baptists, the grind of full time jobs and raising families may prevent the thrashers from taking off on tour, but, bless 'em, they're bound to blast your eardrums out at a local venue sometime soon.

If you aren't planning on splitting from the city limits this month, why not hang out with the friendly folks from Discorder? We're planning a mid-month party and everyone is invited. If you do one thing this St. Patrick's Day, come down to the Biltmore for our all night hip-hop party, DisClover. We haven't quite figured out how to make green beer, but someone is bound to sneak a Shamrock Shake into the joint. Shenanigans to be had by all! Just a heads up, I'll be the awkward guy in the middle of the floor doing the *Weekend at Bernie's* dance to Gucci Mane.

I'm packing up my duffel coat, guys. I'm pretty sure I won't be wearing shirts for the next little while either. It's spring!

Discorderly Yours,
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BAPTISTS BY RYAN WALTER WAGNER

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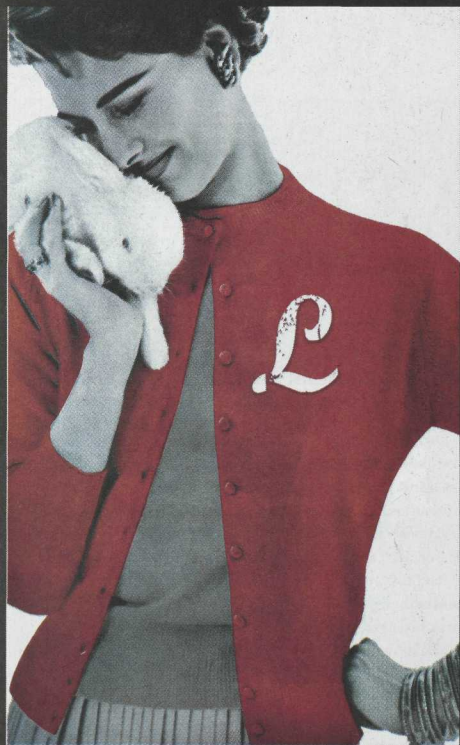
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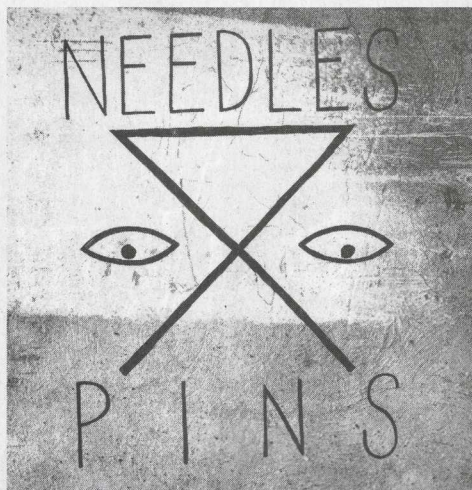
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SATURDAY
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// RIFF RAFF

BY BRYCE DUNN



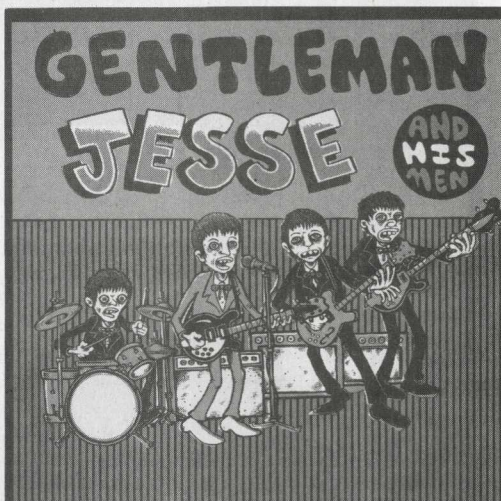
A short stack of singles to end a short month, but who better to begin the upcoming spring fling than locals **Needles/Pins**? Their new single "Drop It" plays like the Clean or Television Personalities, with just a hint of scuzz to mask the pain in their hearts. These are no part-time punks, mind you. They can write some pretty catchy ditties, like this single's flipside, "Kalifornia Korner," which features nifty double-time shuffle drumming paired with the slightly slinky guitar work of the Bare Wires' best stuff. Playful garage pop with a pinch of punk, but perfect to my ears. This should be picked up!

Though six months later than intended, **Gentleman Jesse & His Men** have served up some more vintage power pop that's so fresh and so clean, you can eat the sugar straight off the wax. Wrapped up in musicianship even tighter than the group's suits, "She's A Trap" warns of a certain kind of girl who can weave a sticky web, while the keyboard driven "I Won't Say Goodbye" slows things down, making for a two-sided hit machine so sweet, it's worth losing

CHAIN & THE GANG



CRY, CRY, CRY



a few teeth. Recommended.

Lastly, **Ian Svenonius**, a man who knows how to float like a butterfly and sting like a bee, brings the funk to a new freakish high on the latest entry from his **Chain & The Gang**. Svenonius croons the blues over a jazz-inflected piano on the A-side, "Cry, Cry, Cry (Over You)." The flip, "Snakes On A Plane," reprises the rhythms and melodies of the first cut, but gets a little extra help from Calvin Johnson, who brings his baritone, spoken word scat and a melodica line to the mix. It's hard to know where the lines between art and irony begin, but ten thousand beat poets can't be wrong—they can just drop some acid and get on board, because this guy is taking it to the next level. Believe.

Told ya, quick and painless—see you soon!

Needles/Pins: Scum Buzz Records myspace.com/scumbuzzrecords

Gentleman Jesse & His Men: Douchemaster Records douchemasterrecords.blogspot.com

Chain & The Gang: K Records www.krecords.com

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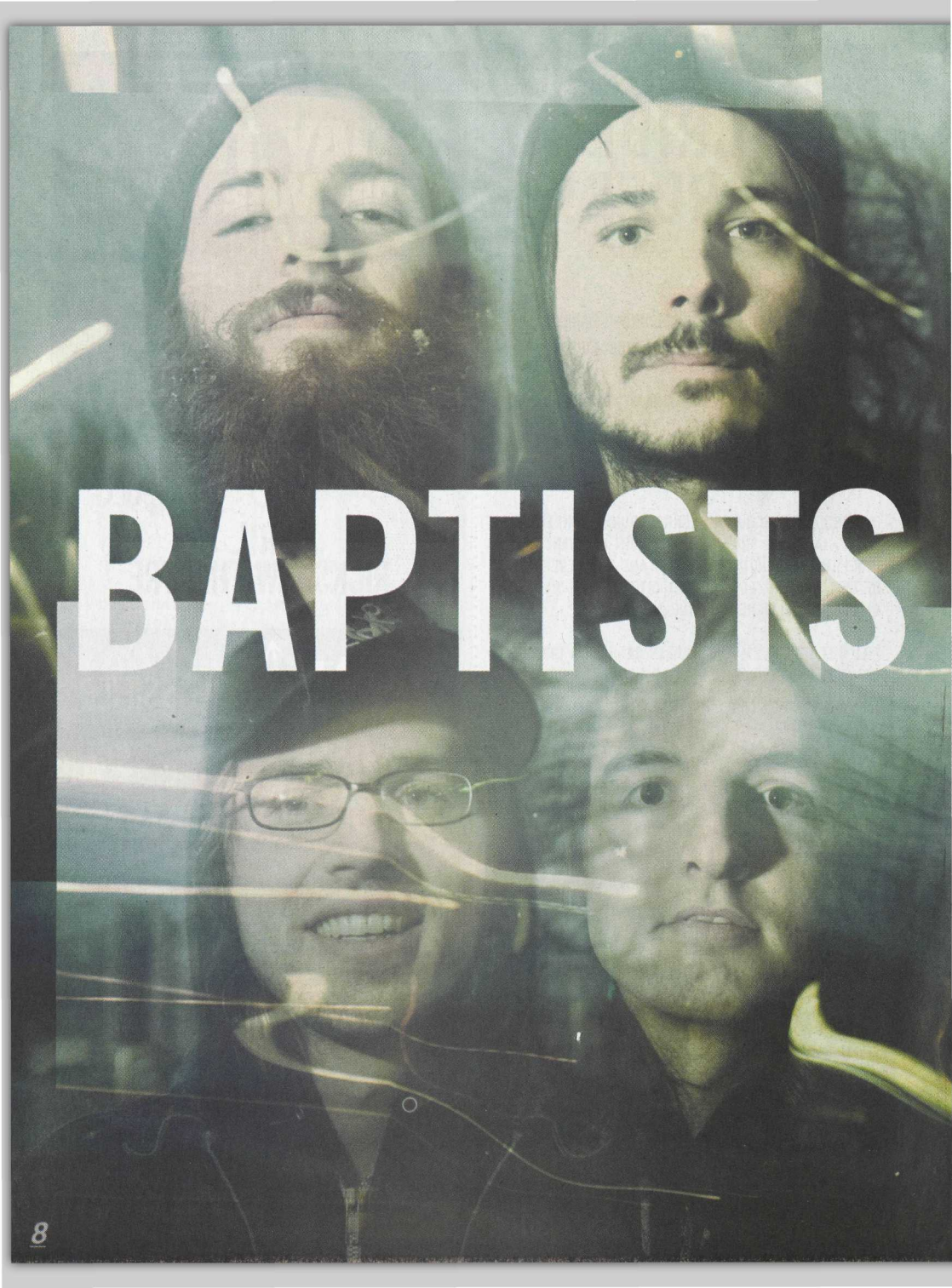
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A collage of four portraits of men with beards and long hair, overlaid with the word "BAPTISTS" in large white letters. The portraits are arranged in a 2x2 grid. The top-left man has a full beard and is looking slightly to the right. The top-right man has a beard and is looking directly at the camera. The bottom-left man is wearing glasses and a dark cap, smiling. The bottom-right man has a beard and is looking directly at the camera. The background is a dark, textured green with some light streaks.

BAPTISTS

Considering the recent release of their self-titled debut seven-inch on the venerable metal imprint Southern Lord Records (Black Breath, Wolves In The Throne Room, Sunn O))), Discorder thought it would be a good idea to sit down with Vancouver thrashers Baptists. Though the group is relatively new, Baptists' members have made the rounds in the local scene, playing in outfits like Jaws, Sports, Ladyhawk and A

Textbook Tragedy, among others. While many acts would brag about being picked up by the heralded punk, metal and hardcore label, the band seemed surprised about the opportunity to work with Southern Lord. Discorder had a chance to talk to the group at 1 a.m. following a well-attended record release party at the Biltmore on February 17 with fellow locals Ancients and Weapon. Here's what the guys had to say.

Andrew Drury: Sean's drinking whisky with my blood inside of it. My blood is actually in there. That's disgusting Sean.

Sean Hawryluk: I'm not going to drink it all. I'm not gonna suck all your blood.

Discorder: So who's who?

SH: I'm John the Operator. I operate the bass.

Nick Yacyshyn: Drums.

AD: I'm Andrew. I'm the vocalist.

Danny Marshall: I play guitar.

D: How did Baptists come to put out a record on Southern Lord?

DM: We got a MySpace message from Southern Lord. We never used our MySpace.

AD: I think it was the second time we checked it.

DM: It was super crazy and we kind of thought it was a joke.

SH: I thought it was a hoax.

DM: We kind of did until it [the record] was in our hands. Greg [Anderson] from Southern Lord messaged us and told us to email him and [said] they'd be into doing something. We had these four songs recorded that we just basically recorded before Nick went on tour for two months so we didn't forget them. Yeah, I don't know, we sent him those songs

and he said he'd put them on a record.

D: How long did that take?

DM: A year.

All: (laughs).

D: So you had just started Baptists and already Southern Lord wanted to put out a record for you? You started about a year ago, right?

DM: Yeah, we started in January of last year and we probably talked to him in March or April, when Nick went on tour.

AD: I think we recorded in February.

DM: Maybe March...just before he went. I don't remember when, but at the start of 2010. The record came out in 2011. So that's a year.

D: What other bands are you in? Who did you go on tour with?

NY: Just my old band.

D: What are they called?

NY: A Textbook Tragedy.

AD: Mötley Crüe.

NY: We were called... Motörhead.

AD: Skitsystem

[Note: all joking, save A Textbook Tragedy]

D: Just to be clear, the record was released on Southern Lord but you're not on the label?

AD: Correct.

D: Are you hoping to be?

SH: Ideally, he'll wanna put out another record, but that's another bridge that we'll have to cross when we get to it.

DM: It depends on how this one goes.

D: Do you have any tours planned?

NY: No. But we played tonight, Jesus!

AD: (laughs). We're touring all the way to Seattle on Saturday.

SH: Don't tell anyone.

DM: We have to figure out if we can. We'll do as many mini trips as we can. You can get to L.A. and back in a weekend. It would suck, but you could do it. You can basically do the West Coast in a week. We live in an OK spot to tour and play big cities.

D: [To Marshall] Do you feel like you can't go on tour because you have a baby?

DM: Yes! Absolutely.

D: If you had to choose playing the guitar whenever you want or having a baby and never being able to pick up a guitar, which would it be?

DM: Obviously, I would just put strings on my baby!

D: Are there other reasons you can't tour?

AD: I can't book off too much time with work cause

“OBVIOUSLY, I WOULD JUST PUT STRINGS ON MY BABY!”

—Danny Marshall

I'm in a government union and I [only] get a specific amount of time that I can take off. But maybe eventually we can.

NY: My schedule's wide open. Sean and I might just peel off right now.

D: Do you have any good stories from past shows or tours?

SH: It was pretty funny when we didn't think we were going to make it to GHPR. [GHPR is a summertime d.i.y. punk and metal festival in Squamish]

AD: I thought you were gonna talk about Toronto.

SH: That was pretty funny.

AD: Two weeks ago we flew to Toronto and our flight landed around 12 p.m. and we were supposed to play a show, downtown Toronto...

SH: At one!

AD: ...at one. And we had special baggage because it's all guitars, so it took extra long to get the gear. We showed up [to the show] during Burning Love's very last song, so we ended up using all their amps.

D: Where did you play?

SH: The bar underneath Parts and Labour.

AD: It's called The Shop at Parts and Labour. And then Sean's other rock star band, Ladyhawk, played two shows in a row and they ruled. Two sold out shows in the next two days. It was kind of funny being catered to by a five-star restaurant which was right above the venue. The guy that flew everybody out there was the head chef there.

D: And they picked Baptists to play that show?

AD: He didn't pick Baptists. He picked Ladyhawk, Sports, and Duffy & the Doubters.

SH: No, we jumped on; we bum rushed the whole thing. It was an afterthought to add us to the bill.

AD: He only had to pay for two more plane tickets cause everyone else was already in one of the bands.

D: How did the show go for the rest of the bands?

SH: As good as it could have.

AD: It was weird playing after a band that should've been playing after us. Headliners by default.

D: What was the GHPR story?

SH: It was just that we barely made it there. We couldn't find the place.

AD: I got there on time.

SH: You were fine, but the rest of us...we were about to turn around. We didn't even know where the place was, we couldn't find it.

AD: I got there at about 2 p.m.. And at around 12 a.m. I was like, "fuck it, they're not showing up" so I started smoking weed, and I never smoke weed before shows. I got pretty stoned and then the band showed up.

SH: Nick was pretty high on mushrooms because he didn't think we were gonna actually go and play the gig, so he dropped mushrooms right before we picked him up. We were staying at Squamish Valley Campground, which was a good hour commute to the gig.

AD: My favourite thing about GHPR was watching Nick after we played. I was hiding and I watched him for a good hour and a half and he didn't know I was watching him. He was zooming. I was watching him zoom hard.

SH: My favourite part was making sure that Phil from Haggatha didn't pass out again and fall over and die. That kinda consumed the end of my night.

D: Andrew's hand was squirting blood all over the stage tonight. You got it all over the monitors and all over Nick's clear drum kit. How did that happen?

AD: I don't know. I think it was the fence thing.

DM: It might've been the metal fence [laughs].

D: [To Drury] In Jaws you played while in a wheelchair, you played while using a cane and you once fell off the stage and went unconscious. Have you ever played a show where you weren't injured or didn't get injured during the show?

AD: Yes.

DM: In Baptists, tons.

AD: It's a new me.

DM: We had some serious talks.

AD: I'm very cautious about that stuff now.

SH: It's a new Andrew.

AD: I punched Danny once for no reason.

DM: It's true. I had a hard time playing the next riff. I had dead arm.

SH: Tonight?

AD: No, it was a long time ago.

D: Has being in Baptists been a good experience?

AD: Yes! I don't think we've had a single fight, ever. We've never raised our voices at each other. I'm sometimes worried that Nick might take my bugging him seriously.

NY: No. I look forward to it. I need some direction in my life.

SH: He needs some bullying.

NY: Yeah.

D: I wanted to ask you about your cover art. What's the story behind the taxidermy crow hung up on a cross?

AD: A while ago, like three years ago, I was on a bus and I saw a homeless dude with that crow attached to his backpack. I was in a rush and I really wanted to jump off the bus and try to buy it off him. The very next day at work my friend told me she had a present for me. Then she gave me that. She didn't know I had seen it the day before and wanted to buy it. She bought it off the dude and gave it to me. So I've had it on my wall for a while. Then my lady friend Jill took it to the forest and hung it up on the cross and took a picture of it for me.

D: Can I ask a question for the ladies?

AD: We're all taken. ▀

Drip Audio



BY RAIEN NARAGHI

In a world ultimately too accustomed to illegal downloading and cyber sharing, it shouldn't be difficult to imagine how hard it is to maintain a record label these days—especially when your music disagrees with Justin Bieber's personal playlist. While on paper that should be the case with Jesse Zubot's experimental jazz imprint, Drip Audio, the local musician has been running the label successfully since 2005. To celebrate the company's sixth anniversary, the label owner is hosting a couple of concerts, March 4-6, at the Signal (CBC Radio 2) that will showcase the current crop of talent Drip has to offer: Fond of Tigers, the Inhabitants, Gord Grdina Trio, Francois Houle, Aeroplane Trio, DarkBlueWorld and violinist Zubot himself.

To date, the label has released 31 recordings. Drip's music is not popular in the commercial sense; Zubot is an avid supporter of the creative music scene. That being said, sometimes finding funds to float an outsider jazz label in today's floundering music industry can be a struggle.

"The setback for a more experimental based record label is always a lack of financing to really do things properly," Zubot explains in an e-mail interview from a tour stop in Montreal. "Today's industry is very focused on commercial success and I would include indie rock in that scene as well. I find it slightly weird how indie rock started against the grain and is now some of the most reshaped and overtly promoted stuff."

That's not to say that there isn't a place for more "alternative" music, for lack of a better word, in today's world. Many of Drip Audio's experimental artists have found acclaim for their work. Avant garde Vancouver septet Fond of Tigers, for instance, were just nominated for a Juno Award for Instrumental Album of the Year for their recent album *Continent & Western*. Zubot says that his personal interaction with his artists, as well as the media, is the key to successfully promoting his label.

"The way I run Drip Audio is somewhat unique in that I actually work on publicity myself instead of hiring a publicist, and I get to know writers somewhat personally," the entrepreneur explains of his business model. "This

way they really get to know more about the label and the artists involved. This also makes them excited to hear the new albums coming out and they usually go out of their way to talk about the music."

Local group the Inhabitants' album *The Furniture Moves Underneath* was another album produced by Drip Audio that attracted attention, earning a Juno nod in 2009. "It was quite a shock to me," says the group's trumpet player, JP Carter, over a cup of coffee at a cafe on Commercial Drive. "I didn't think our music would get to be heard."

Carter was approached with a record deal by Zubot years ago following an Inhabitants gig at a downtown venue. Eventually the two would play in Fond of Tigers together. Both multitasking musicians feel that the more you put yourself out there, the more likely you'll succeed in this industry. "Musicians should try to play at a variety of venues so you'll be showcasing your music to different crowds," says Carter, who is currently readying himself to record with local rocker Dan Mangan.

Zubot feels the same way. "I think it's great when musicians present themselves in a variety of ways," he writes, "such as clubs, festivals (all styles), underground joints (illegal/word of mouth) and alternative makeshift venues (train stations, museums, art galleries, etc.)." As such, Zubot finds his musicians through a variety of ways including magazines, word of mouth, and of course live shows.

With the label doing so well, Zubot has no plans to fold the record label anytime soon. In fact, he wants to expand "the stylistic range of the record label even more." The violinist plans to release a solo disc some time soon and has high hopes for what's to come in Drip Audio's future. "I'd like to blow that wide open," he says of the label's potential direction, "but first I have to figure out how to get more financial support and how to create more time to work on things with the label." But with the big Drip Audio bash just around the corner, Zubot is also ready let loose and have a good time. "It would also be fun to have more parties for the label." ■

Dirty Beaches



BY CHRISTIAN VOVERIS
ILLUSTRATION BY TYLER CRICH

“YOU EAT A HUNDRED TIMES BETTER IN ASIA ...

NONE OF THAT GAS STATION SHIT THAT WE EAT ON TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA.”

Having just played a raucous show in Beijing, and getting ready for another in Shanghai, one-man show Alex Zhang Hungtai, a.k.a. Dirty Beaches, was busy stirring up the soundscape of Asia when he got a hold of me over e-mail. Being bilingual with Mandarin as his first language, the Vancouver-based musician has a unique advantage in being able to relate to the music scenes on both sides of the Pacific. Most specifically with the growing scene in Beijing, which is currently following in the footsteps of New York's golden punk era, with influences including the Velvet Underground, Sonic Youth and Television. In the online interview, Hungtai explained that playing shows in China is essentially the same as elsewhere, but there are a few significant differences.

“The post show reception [in Beijing] was vastly different in comparison,” he wrote. “Kids came up to me and were incredibly friendly and were very hospitable and just pleasant in general. The crowds never get too rowdy, you eat [a hundred] times better in Asia, and I always gain [five to ten pounds] on my visits due to overeating. None of that gas station shit that we eat on tour in North America.”

Despite its inferior selection of food, North America was where Dirty Beaches cut his teeth. Following pit stops in Hawaii, San Francisco and Toronto—not to mention an abandoned real estate career in Shanghai—Hungtai started the solo project after moving out to Montreal in 2005. He eventually made his way over to East Vancouver in the fall of 2009. Over the past six years he's released over a dozen seven-inches, EPs and tapes through various independent labels, developing his sound through his constant experimentation. The result: grainy, nostalgic loops that provide the backdrop for Hungtai's crooning baritone, which conjures up a ghostly, burned-out Elvis as much as it does the low, soulful moans of Suicide's Alan Vega. “Lord Knows Best,” a haunting ballad from his upcoming album, *Badlands*, features tastefully gritty, lo-fi production values as a slinking, doo wop piano loop crackles in the background.

I asked Hungtai to explain how he developed his strikingly analog sound. Though Dirty Beaches began recording material onto his computer, he soon found that modern technology didn't offer him the sound he strove for.

“I recorded my first two releases for [Montreal imprint] Fixture Records on GarageBand,” he explains of his early, digitized recording sessions. “It was really painful and really hard for me to use as it felt counterintuitive for someone from the pager generation.”

His initial attempts at playing live shows using an iPod, and later a tape recorder, as a backing track also proved to be unsatisfying. Soon after investing

in some unconventional equipment, Hungtai began redefining his sound.

“I threw all that out of the window and picked up a shoebox tape recorder for \$20 at a Jewish camera store on Parc Ave. in Montreal close to where I lived and started recording more experimental works that were based on live takes,” the musician writes, re-telling the history of the project's unique development.

“From there I became obsessed with live recordings, as it helped me capture what was missing from the multi-track sessions. I was looking for a certain grit and immediacy that told [of] the recording artists' environment, yet [something] powerful and soulful like some of those old recordings I've admired for so long (Sun Records Studio, Studio One in Jamaica, etc.).” An admirer of the trademark sound of the studios that brought us Johnny Cash, B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf and countless others, Hungtai confesses, “I think of my recordings as a budget imitation of those studios.”

Along with echoes of classic recordings, Dirty Beaches' sound bears an omnipresent cinematic aspect. His tense atmospheres sound as though they could give life to Film Noir. *Badlands* cut “Speedway King,” for instance, plays as if it could score scenes featuring a mysterious character wandering cities in their dead hours, or racing a motorcycle through an endless stream of glowing lights. Hungtai reveals that this isn't a coincidence.

“I think of my music like film,” he explains. “The sound is your leading man, as it becomes the look and spirit of the picture. However, surface aesthetics can only take you so far. The characters must be fleshed out and the concept of the project cannot over rely on aesthetics alone, as it will become stale, boring and unrelatable for the artist very quickly.”

Hungtai cites Wong Kar-wai as his main cinematic influence. The brilliantly manic Hong Kong director is known for his stylistic films which focus on displaced and exiled characters. As a trans-Pacific nomad, Dirty Beaches finds this extremely relatable. “If I could score any of his films it would be a dream come true,” he fantasizes.

Fittingly, on top of Hungtai's Dirty Beaches work, he's scored three independent productions and is currently trying to land a permanent job composing film scores in Vancouver. “If I could land that as my day job, that would be the best,” he gushes.

Film endeavours aside, between his current tour dates with fellow lo-fi posters the Dum Dum Girls, a showcase later this month at Austin, Texas' South by Southwest festival and the release of the *Badlands* LP on March 29, the road ahead for Dirty Beaches promises to be plenty exciting. ▀



BY GAIL JUDY
ILLUSTRATION BY PETER KOMIEROWSKI

RAPHAËLLE STANDELL-PRESTON, THE SINGER/GUITARIST FOR MONTREAL-BASED ELECTRONIC ART ROCKERS BRAIDS, IS A REAL CHARMER. CAUGHT ON HER CELL PHONE AT A TOUR STOP IN FLORIDA, THE CHARISMATIC YOUNG WOMAN EXUDES INTELLIGENCE AND INSIGHT WHILE DISCUSSING HER BAND'S HIGHLY ACCLAIMED DEBUT DISC NATIVE SPEAKER.

SOMEBODY SPILLED KOOL-AID ON KATIE'S KEYBOARD ... OR WAS IT COCAINE?

Reached in the middle of an extensive North American trek, Standell-Preston sounds excited and a little awestruck at the magnitude of their current tour schedule. The band—which also includes keyboardist Katie Lee, drummer Austin Tufts and multi-instrumentalist Taylor Smith—have been on the road non-stop since releasing *Native Speaker* this past January. “It’s just hitting me we’re out on the road for three months,” Standell-Preston admits. “It’s good. We’ve gotten into the rhythm of it. We’re getting very little sleep, but staying cheerful.”

When asked about Braids’ upcoming Vancouver pit stop, March 28 at the Biltmore, Standell-Preston expresses fond memories of playing here last summer. “I’ve always liked Vancouver, it’s a very beautiful city,” she says.

“We played at the Goody Warehouse, and that was a very interesting night. Somebody spilled Kool-Aid on Katie’s keyboard,” she remembers of the event, “or was it cocaine? Yes, somebody was doing cocaine off Katie’s keyboard. That’s a very ingrained, fond memory. Good ol’ Vancouver.”

Before Braids became critical darlings, however, the quartet lived in Calgary and performed under the name The Neighbourhood Council. The young group released their first EP, *Set Pieces*, in 2008. The band ended up catching the ear of Deerhunter main man Bradford Cox, who gave the band a standing ovation at their Sled Island performance the same year. Soon after, however, the foursome changed their name and headed for Montreal. There were a few key reasons why they made the move.

“It was the time to move, being the ripe young age of 17 and 18,” says Standell-Preston. “Montreal has a wonderful, flourishing music scene and it’s very close to New York. For the other three members, it was a dream for them to attend McGill. [Moving to Montreal] was a good choice.”

A great deal of attention has been placed on the band’s dynamic use of reverb, effects pedals and layers upon layers of sound. Listening to “Glass Deers,” for example, is the musical equivalent of falling through the sky in slow motion, with looping chimes and guitar lines interweaving and soaring together ethereally. Standell-Preston uses her impressive range, which alternates between a coo and a cracked scream, to make her reverberated refrain of “I’m fucked up” sound positively dreamy. Opening track “Lemonade” likewise feels deep, with slow-burn keyboards and guitar lines washing over you like a warm, fuzzy wave. While The Neighbourhood Council’s elaborate pop numbers were hardly facile, the group’s experimental period began once they landed in Montreal. Standell-Preston also credits celebrated sonic explorers Animal Collective for stoking their imaginations.

“We discovered the record *Fields* by Animal Collective,” says Standell-Preston. “It turned on another part of my brain for understanding new sonic textures, sounds and creating environments. We were all very keen on figuring out exactly

how we could do that. That led into reverb delays and it flourished into the band obtaining multi-effects pedals and playing with tremolo. We got really into creating textural environments, and one of the best ways to accomplish that was through vocal processors and guitar pedals.”

Along with their rich sound, many critics have made note of Standell-Preston’s direct and at-times sensual lyrics. While the playful giddiness of *Native Speaker*’s vivid soundscapes make like an electronic Disneyland for the ears, the singer’s sometimes salacious wordplay will make you consider leaving the kids at home.

When asked if she finds it challenging to put herself out there in such a direct manner, Standell-Preston responds: “Yes. Very much so, actually. I’ve found, as I’ve gotten older I’ve begun retreating more into myself. My poetry and lyrics have taken more of a softened turn. Sometimes it’s difficult to stand on stage and talk about things I experienced when I was just figuring out my sexuality at 17. The lyrics aren’t all about sexuality; they’re about people and growing up. You have to stand behind everything you make and your art. You can’t condescend a form of self.”

A repeated refrain in the swirling stunner “Lemonade,” is “we’re all just sleeping around.” At its core, this song is about a lack of intimacy. “That’s exactly it,” Standell-Preston confirms before discussing the song’s roots. “I’d been working in more of an artsy café, and there was a lot of incest going on. It was quite peculiar, so I decided to write about it. There’s definitely a lack of intimacy, especially in the art world.”

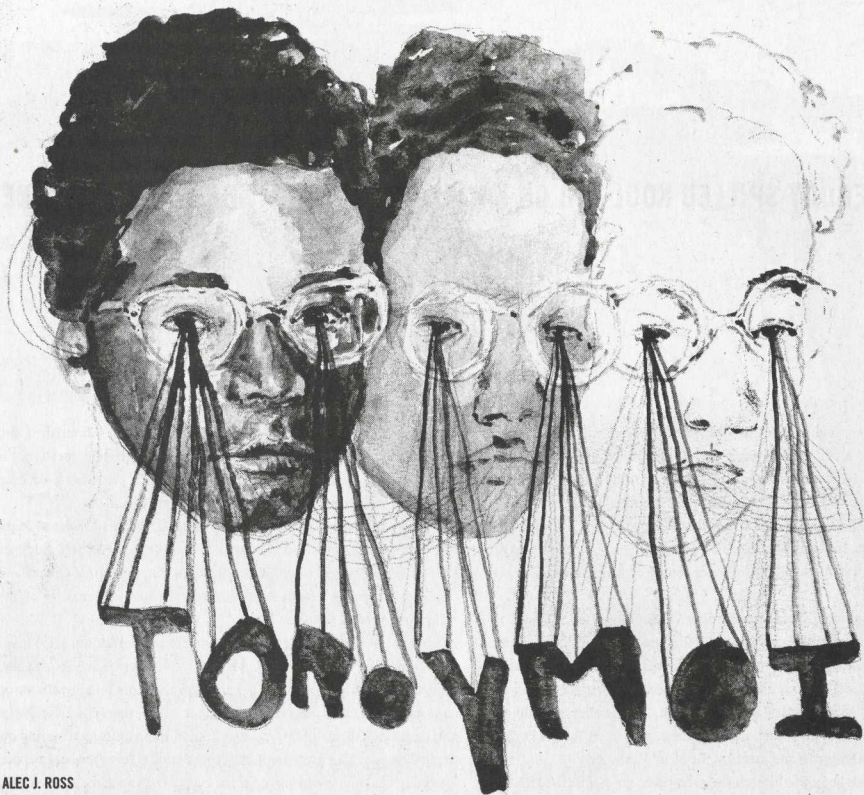
Braids have been highly praised by the arts community. Every major music blog has gushed about the band. This is fantastic for increasing exposure and knowledge of their music, but what happens when a site like Pitchfork doesn’t like your record? When asked if she thought some sites have too much sway when it comes to determining a band’s success, Standell-Preston agreed.

“It is very definite when they give you a bad review,” she says. “You have to live with that for the rest of the year and so many people are going to read it. At the same time, Pitchfork is always going to be there. You just have to toughen up and shake it off your shoulders.”

Regardless of what the press says, be it good or bad, Braids wants you to experience their music yourself and to draw your own conclusions on what they’re about. With a band so varied and out there as Braids, it’s best to just sit back and soak in their sound.

“You have to let the music stand for itself, and the music will explain itself,” Standell-Preston asserts. “The definition is up to the listener.”

Braids will be in Vancouver on March 28 with Toro Y Moi, who you can read about on page 16. ▶



BY ALEC J. ROSS
ILLUSTRATION BY MERIDA ANDERSON

With a glut of acts flooding the market these days, there are bound to be countless bands that get swept under the rug. Only artists that allows themselves to shift directions and incorporate multiple influences into their music will possess the power of longevity. This is the case with the Toro Y Moi.

Started up in 2001 as a bedroom project by South Carolina native Chazwick Bundick, Toro Y Moi has become an eclectic, genre-hopping phenomenon. Disorder caught up with Bundick over Skype during his first tour of Australia to talk about his music-enriched life, his new album, *Underneath the Pine*, and his personal reflection on life as a recording artist.

Bundick began his musical endeavours at the age of eight when he learned to play the piano, but the early artistic experiment didn't take. "It wasn't my favourite thing to do" he admits, "it was a bunch of work." Bundick's appreciation of music was given new life, however, when he discovered the guitar a few years later.

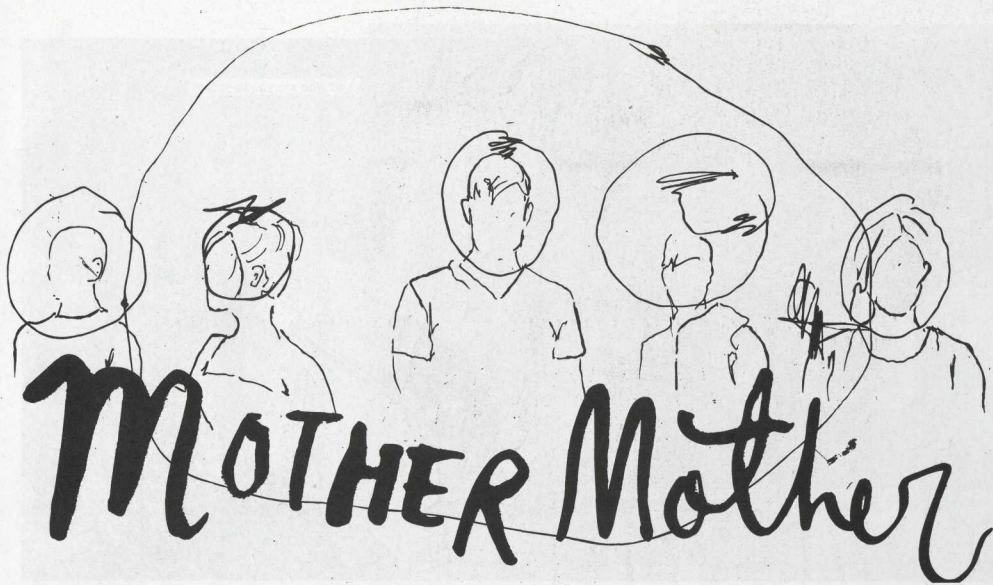
Though he earned a BFA in Graphic Design at the University of South Carolina, post-graduation Bundick decided to make music his life. "Graphic design was my focus while I was in school," he explains, "now my focus is music."

Since then, Toro Y Moi has wildly explored the wide world of music. Proving that Bundick's methods are constantly changing and evolving, his back catalogue highlights a plethora of different genres, from Stevie Wonder-style funk to R&B to French House. While heavily influenced by his parent's vinyl

and tape collection, he also possesses his own collection of around fifty vinyl albums. Although not as large as some of his friends' collections, Bundick's musical assemblage is as multifarious as they come. During the interview, Bundick playfully showed off some newly purchased records (KPM Music Library's *Piano Cocktail*, and Claude Denjean's *Open Circuit* were among his finds).

Over the past two years we have been graced with a number of eclectic outings from Bundick, from his phenomenal chillwave debut *Causers of This*, to the garage rock-tinged *Leave Everywhere* seven-inch and now with his latest funky album, *Underneath the Pine*. The new disc is a significant departure from the early, electronic sound of *Causers of This*, as it was recorded with live instrumentation. With hints of Stevie Wonder, Lonnie Liston Smith and Ennio Morricone, the album is a giant leap forward for Toro Y Moi. The soul-disco style of "Still Sound" includes a earth-rattling bass riff so funky it could move mountains, while the airy, sexy synth-jam "New Beat" pays homage to Liston Smith's atmospheric fusion period.

Bundick has established himself not only as a prominent artist of the chillwave movement, but also as one with the ability to transcend the genre, moving onwards in a positive direction. With a new album to promote and a host of upcoming tour dates—including a show at the Biltmore on March 28—it's shaping up to be a very successful year for Toro Y Moi. There's no telling what the South Carolina wunderkind will end up doing next, but we have a feeling it will be just as astonishing as his previous efforts. ▶



BY PYRA DRACULEA
ILLUSTRATION BY LINDSEY HAMPTON

When your album is one of the most anticipated releases on the indie rock calendar, you can afford to take a few risks with your choice of a lead single. Vancouver's Mother decided to take that risk with the upbeat party anthem "The Stand," off their new album *Eureka*. Frontman/guitarist Ryan Guldemon mused that "with a song like 'The Stand,' it's either gonna bomb or explode, and I think when you're a band who's anticipated it's good to take that risk and not just put out the safe option. That was kind of our motive in putting 'The Stand' out as the single, because it is a misleading track on the record."

It's not a complete departure, however. The song is heavy with the kind of quirky hooks, layered vocal harmonies and catchy beats the band—which also features keyboardists Molly Guldemon and Jasmin Parkin, bassist Jeremy Page and drummer Ali Siadat—are known for. It's the tricky wordplay within the jam, however, that takes the tune to another level.

Fortunately, their risk seems to have paid off. At the time of this writing, "The Stand" is climbing both Billboard's Canadian Hot 100 and the BDS Top 40 Canadian Rock National Airplay charts. Not bad for a band that hardly matches the stereotypical "Theory of a Nickelfault" CanCon sound that dominates commercial rock radio. It's especially impressive considering that the track was never

originally intended to be a song, let alone a single. "It was a farcical conversation I was inventing on the bus," Guldemon reveals. "I worked on it for many years, actually, with no grand plans to make it a song or a single or whatever."

In the song, a playful back and forth takes place between a man and a couple of girls.

Girls: Tell me your weakness.

Man: Oh, I keep it a secret.

Girls: Oh come on, just one vice.

Man: All right, it's vodka on ice.

But then there's women on bikes,

or just the women who straddle.

Girls: Oh now you are a handful.

Man: I forgot about handfals.

While "The Stand" initially began as a set of lyrics, Guldemon says he usually tends to start with a melody and lets the rest of the song rise up out of it.

"I try to find the words that want to attach themselves to the melody and the syllables that are starting to appear," he says. "It's a strange process and I'm surprised anything coherent comes out of it, but I find it kind of fun and educational and self-involved and observational. Who knows where it comes from?"

Eureka, the band's third album, was produced by Guldemon over the course of almost a year. "We usually don't take that long, but it was kind of nice to ruminate before it gets all crazy," he says. "Songwriting started quite a while prior, and you kind of hang on to little motifs and ideas over the

years and inevitably they find their way onto the current record."

While songs often start with an idea from Guldemon, the whole band is involved in the creative process. This time around the group undertook an extensive demoing process rather than work things out in the studio like they did in the past.

"We made these elaborate demos so we could really have a clear idea of our parts," Guldemon explains. "Instead of fumbling around in the studio, we could tap into how we emotionally wanted them to come out."

Just as the band's devoted followers are already rubbing their hands in anticipation of *Eureka*, Mother Mother can't wait to hit the road. "We're itching to get back out there and get to work," Guldemon quips.

Having kicked off the first round of touring last month with a jaunt down the West Coast, the band is gearing up to play both Canadian Music Week in Toronto and Austin, Texas' South by Southwest conference this month. And that's just the start.

"We're doing a big Canadian tour in April, which will be great," Guldemon explains. "It's a headlining tour and it's been a while since we've been able to gauge where we're at in every Canadian market because we've often opened for other bands or done the festival stuff." ▀

And who are you to judge?

by THE GOGGLES:
Paul Shoebridge + Michael Simons

WELCOME TO PINE POINT

by THE GOGGLES.
Paul Shoebridge + Michael Simons

BY JENNESIA PEDRI
IMAGES COURTESY OF THE GOGGLES

IN THE NATIONAL FILM BOARD-PRODUCED INTERACTIVE WEB



...any more, no matter how
int deftly holds on, but
...the roads are lined
g, as though a
...as about to be built.

...omeone found a basement
...how escaped burial.

...an old sheet of plywood,
...gh a hole - and you're
...the basement of the Pine

...cleaning supplies, a room full
...nd pay stubs, hallways
...g paint, empty chairs. Then

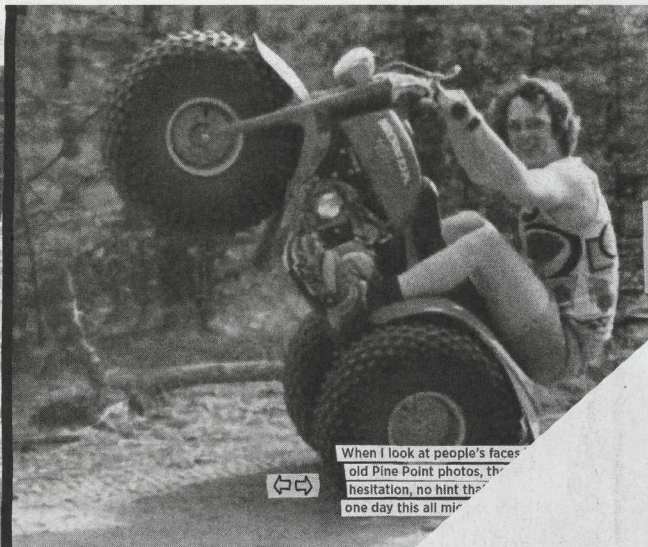
I had noticed that Pine
...distinct note to be
...At least 4 claim the ri
...bar.

While I was down t
...because.



For Kim, Pine Point became the kind of hometown we see in movies, the place she could leave behind, make her triumphant return to, aspire away from.

She looks back on it fondly enough, though; she was there long enough to become a good person.



When I look at people's faces in old Pine Point photos, there's no hesitation, no hint that one day this all might change.

The interactive web doc is an exploration of memory and form, offering a unique way of looking back at photographs of former Pine Pointers since we now know what they didn't back then—that it would all, one day, come to an end. “Would it be so bad,” the pair ask, if “your hometown never changed?” In a way, the question implies that memories preserve Pine Point exactly as it was. As I navigated the site at my dining room table, I couldn't help but wonder if memories could really preserve a place like Pine Point.

There's solace in the idea that not being able to return means that the town can, at least in its former residents' minds, live forever, altered only by slight variations in memories as they're recalled. The doc recalls many of these memories from the point of view of three past residents of Pine Point. They each share old yearbook photos, video footage and memorabilia, which have been pieced together on the site by Shoebridge and Simons. Looking at the faces of ordinary, friendly people set against the industrial landscape of Pine Point evokes a kind of sadness, but the images still give the impression that everyone was glad to be there. Pine Pointers admit that the government's decision to close the town after the mine's closure is sad because they can't go back; nevertheless, they seem to look back fondly, admitting with pride that Pine Point will always be their hometown.

Welcome to Pine Point's bittersweet walk down memory lane is accompanied by the equally ominous and oddly triumphant sounds of the Besnard Lakes. The documentary features several familiar sounds from their second album, *The Besnard Lakes Are the Dark Horse*, along with an original score composed by the band. They also offer up a cover of Trooper's “We're Here for a Good Time (Not a Long Time)” —fitting not only for its obvious connotations but also because, contradictory to what the song's title suggests, Pine Point is still seemingly living on through the memories of the people who once called it home.

The project, which grew out of the observation that nobody uses traditional photo albums anymore, might have just as easily explored the memory of

Pine Point in print. But something about the marriage of new media and old reflects how much has changed in how we archive our memories. The online experience simulates turning the pages of an old photo album, but it goes one step further by adding voices and music to score the experience. Further still, we're shown old video footage from before the town's closure as we silently read the accompanying text. When we're ready, we turn the page.

The doc could be summed up as a nostalgia, but it's so much more. The interactive content, accompanied by the sobering sounds of the Besnard Lakes, serves as a lament for a time when “community” wasn't a buzz word exploited by social media, it was a way of life. It asks us to reconsider our sense of place and explores the validity of a collective memory, exposing both the humour and sadness that coexist within it. ▀



SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

1 The Concrete, Millionyoung, the
Whitsundays @ Biltmore

7 Derek Miller, Inez Jasper, Icoy Styfex @ Biltmore
Crystal Castles, Suuns @ Commodore

14 Philocaptor, Blank Cinema, Oh No! Yoko @ Biltmore
Barrington Levy @ Fortune
Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs @ Venue

21 Henry & the Nightcrawlers, David Vertesi, Redbird @ Biltmore

28 Toro Y Moi, Braids, Teen Daze @ Biltmore

27 Telekinesis, Wye Oak, Callers @ Media Club

2 Paul Anthony's Talent Time! @ Biltmore
Young Liars, Blondtron @ Fortune

9 Kellariissa, V. Vecker @ Waldorf
GZA @ Fortune
Alexi Murdoch @ Biltmore

16 Mickey Avalon @ Fortune
Fake Blood @ Venue

23 Timecopz, Hard Feelings @ Biltmore
The Finches, Rose Melberg, Unreliable Narrator @ Nydala
Phonecalls @ Lick

30 Say Hi, Yellow Osrich, Blair @ Media Club
Melting Paraiso UFO, Shilpa Ray & Her Happy Hookers @ Biltmore
Sharon Van Etten, Little Scream @ Media Club
Beach Demon @ Lick

3 Hard Times Hit Parade @ Russian Hall
Morcheebs @ Commodore
Bare Noize @ Fortune
Oh My Darling @ Railway

10 Hard Times Hit Parade @ Russian Hall
Fine Mist, Dbl Dragon @ Biltmore
Homostupids, Shearing Pinx, Eating Out @ Honey
Dasik @ Gossip

17 DISCLOVER: A St. Patrick's Day Hip Hop party w/ DJ Brad Wiener, Jubes, Eco Uno, Girlfight @ Biltmore
Destroyer, War On Drugs, Blackout Beach @ Commodore
Hard Times Hit Parade @ Russian Hall

24 State Radio, the Golden Dogs @ Biltmore
Woodpilegon, Laura Barrett, the Phonemes, Mountain & the Trees @ St. James Hall

31 Mount Kimbie, Babe Rainbow @ Biltmore
Dodos, Reading Rainbow @ Rickshaw

4* White Lung, Nü Senase, B-Lines @ Biltmore
The Underscore Orchestra, The Creaking Planks, Jeff Andrew @ Calf Daxx Solids
Owen Pallett @ CBC Studio 40
Brasstronaut @ CBC Studio One
Shimmering Stars, Louise Burns & the Moonshiners @ Waldorf

11 Diadem, Myrhis, No UFOs, Nurse, Tusk @ W2 Storgium
Diamond Rings, PS I Love You @ Biltmore
Drive By Truckers @ Commodore
Shimmering Stars, Beach Demon, Bernia Cool @ Pat's Pub

18 Video Arts Expo: Animal Bodies, Channels 354, Magnetizing, Holzkopf, Crystal Dorval @ W2 Storgium
Hard Times Hit Parade @ Russian Hall
Portage and Main, the Summer Brothers, Adrian Glynn @ Anza

25 Akron/Family, Delicate Steve @ Biltmore
Peace!, Hard Feelings, Fols Naptha @ Princeton Pub

*March 4 cont'
Basketball, No Gold, Teen Daze, Babe Rainbow, mygayhusband! @ Cabot
Koban, Role Mach, MT-40, Womankind @ LDs

5 Peaches, Tanya Tagatz, Isis Salam @ W2 Storgium
Asobi Seksu, Brahms, Kisses @ Biltmore
Miami Device, Redrick Sultan, the Jen Huangs, the Intruders @ Railway Club
41st and Home @ Rd Room
The Dears @ Venue
Cold War Kids @ Vogue

12 We Hunt Buffalo, Black Wizard, Badger @ Fort Langley Community Hall
Kaki King, Washington @ Biltmore
Kyprios, Run With the Heard @ Rd Room
Born Ruffians, Sheezer @ Rickshaw

19 Warpaint, PVT, Family Band @ Biltmore
The Transmitters @ Fairview Pub
The Residents @ Rickshaw

26 Esben & the Witch @ Waldorf
The Parloones, Imagine Dragons @ Biltmore
Canaries, Harsh Words @ Fairview
The Dudes, Treelines, Birthday Boys @ Rd Room



// CiTR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

DISCORDER SUGGESTS LISTENING TO CiTR ONLINE AT WWW.CiTR.CA EVERY DAY.

	SUNDAY		MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6am			CiTR Ghost Mix	Pacific Pickin' (Roots)	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	6am
7	CiTR Ghost Mix								7
8				Sounds of Africa (World)	Suburban Jungle (Eclectic)	End of the World News (Talk)	Friday Sunrise (Eclectic)		8
9			Breakfast With The Browns (Eclectic)				Alt Radio (Talk)		9
10	Shookshookta (Talk)			Third Time's The Charm (Rock)	Pop Drones (Eclectic)	Sweet And Hot (Jazz)	Fill In	The Saturday Edge (Roots)	10
11	Kol Nodedi (World)		Stranded (Eclectic)						11
12pm			Synchronicity (Talk)	Morning After Show (Eclectic)	Anoize (Noise)	Duncan's Donuts (Eclectic)	CiTR Listener Hour (Eclectic)	Generation Annihilation (Punk)	12pm
1	The Rockers Show (Reggae)			Fill In	The Green Majority (Talk)	We All Fall Down (Eclectic)	Barnburner (Eclectic)		1
2			Parts Unknown (Pop)	Give 'Em the Boot (World)	Democracy Now (Talk)	Ink Studs (Talk)	Radio Zero (Dance)	Power Chord (Metal)	2
3	Blood On The Saddle (Roots)	Shake A Tail Feather (Soul/R&B)	Mantis Cabinet (Eclectic)	Wings (Talk) Prof (Talk)	Rumbletone Radio A Go Go (Rock)	Japanese Musicquest (World)			3
4			The Rib (Eclectic)	Radio Freethinker (Talk)		French Connection (World)	Nardwuar Presents (Nardwuar)	Code Blue (Roots)	4
5	Chips (Pop)	Queer FM Arts Xtra	News 101 (Talk)	Thunderbird Eye (Talk)	Arts Report (Talk)	Native Solidarity News (Talk)	News 101 (Talk)	The Leo Ramirez Show (World)	5
6			Sore Throats, Clapping Hands (Rogue Folk, Indie)		R.T.R. Discorder	Are You Aware (Eclectic)		Nasha Volna (World)	6
7	Queer FM (Talk)			Flex Your Head (Hardcore)	Sam-squanch's Hideaway (Eclectic)				7
8	Rhythms (World)	Techno Progressive	Exploding Head Movies (Eclectic)	Inside Out (Dance)		Exquisite Corpse (Experimental)	CiTR Sports Live (Talk)	Notes from the Underground (Electronic/Hip-hop)	8
9	Mondo Trashed (Eclectic)				Folk Oasis (Roots)				9
10	Transcendence (Dance)		The Jazz Show (Jazz)	Crimes And Treasons (Hip-hop)	Sexy In Van City (Talk)	Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell (Live)		Synaptic Sandwich (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)	10
11				CabaRadio (Talk)	Hans Kloss' Misery Hour (Hans Kloss)	Punk My Life (Soul/Dance)	Fill In		11
12am	Throwdown FM (Dance / Electronic)		Canada Post-Rock (Rock)					CiTR Ghost Mix	12am
1							The Vampire's Ball (Industrial)		1
2	CiTR Ghost Mix		CiTR Ghost Mix			Aural Tentacles (Eclectic)			2
3									3
4				CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix			CiTR Ghost Mix	4
5									5

SUNDAY

SHOOKSHOOKTA

(Talk) 10-11am

A program targeted to Ethiopian people that encourages education and personal development.

KOL NODEDI

(World) 11am-12pm

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners and voids. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

(Reggae) 12-3pm

Reggae inna all styles and fashions.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

(Roots) 3-5pm

Alternating Sundays
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER

(Soul/R&B) 3-5pm

Alternating Sundays
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits and lost soul gems.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

(Pop) 5-6pm

Alternating Sundays
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge.

QUEER FM ARTS XTRA

(Talk) 5-6pm

Alternating Sundays
An exposé of the arts & culture scene in the LGBTQ community.

QUEER FM

(Talk) 6-8pm

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.
queerfmradio@gmail.com

RHYTHMSINDIA

(World) 8-9pm

Alternating Sundays
Featuring a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s

to the present; Ghazals and Bhajans, Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TECHNO PROGRESSIVO

(Dance) 8-9pm

Alternating Sundays

A mix of the latest house music, tech-house, prog-house and techno.

MONDO TRASHO

(Eclectic) 9-10pm

The one and the only Mondo Trasho with Maxwell Maxwell—don't miss it!

TRANSCENDANCE

(Dance) 10pm-12am

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.
transcendance@hotmail.com

THROWDOWN FM

(Dance / Electronic) 12-1am

Hosts Downtown Stagee Brown and Jen Slatore are proud to announce that our playlist for each and every show will be 100 per cent Vancouver, B.C. based underground music of the sub-bass generation. This means you'll never hear a track that's not from our west coast province of B.C. We call ourselves collectively: The Local Union 604.
ThrowdownFM@gmail.com

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

(Eclectic) 8-11am

Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights.
breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com

STRANDED

(Eclectic) 11am-12pm

Join your host Matthew for a weekly mix of exciting sounds, past and present, from his Australian homeland. And journey with him as he features fresh tunes and explores the alternative musical heritage of Canada.

SYNCHRONICITY

(Talk) 12-1:00pm

Join host Marie B and discuss spirituality, health and feeling good. Tune in

and tap into good vibrations that help you remember why you're here: to have fun! This is not your average spirituality show.

PARTS UNKNOWN

(Pop) 1-3pm

An indie pop show since 1999, it's like a marshmallow sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

MANTIS CABINET

(Eclectic) 3-4pm

THE RIB

(Eclectic) 4-5pm

Explore the avant-garde world of music with host Robyn Jacob on the Rib. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical! So weird it will blow your mind!

NEWS 101

(Talk) 5-6pm

Vancouver's only live, volunteer-produced, student and community newscast. Every week, we take a look back at the week's local, national and international news, as seen from a fully independent media perspective.

SORE THROATS, CLAPPING HANDS

(Rogue Folk, Indie)

6-7:30pm

Lyric driven, campfire inspired. New and old tunes from singer-songwriters with an emphasis on Canadian music. Tune in for live acts, ticket giveaways, interviews and talk, but mostly it's just music. Find us on Facebook!

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

(Eclectic) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW

(Jazz) 9pm-12am

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by Gavin Walker. Premiered at 11pm. March 7: Trombonist/composer Grachan Moncur III with Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock and Tony Williams: Adventurous sounds from the mid-'60s in Some Other Stuff.

March 14: Celebrating Quincy Jones' birthday with his first classic This Is How I Feel About Jazz.

March 21: Funky sounds from saxophonist Rusty Bryant in Soul Liberation with organist Charles Earland and master drummer Idris Muhammad and co. Get down!

March 28: Another Jones and another birthday: Trumpeter/composer Thad Jones and company with an early classic: Detroit-New York Junction.

CANADA POST-ROCK

(Rock) 12-1:00am

Formerly on CKXX, Canada Post-Rock now resides on the west coast but it's still committed to the best in post-rock, drone, ambient, experimental, noise and basically anything your host Pbone can put the word "post" in front of. Stay up, tune in, zone out. If you had a radio show, Pbone would probably listen to your show.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

(Rock) 3-3:30pm

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.
pacificpickin@yahoo.com

SOUNDS OF AFRICA

(World) 8-9:30am

Showcasing music, current affairs & news from across the African continent and the diaspora, you will learn all about beat and rhythm and it will certainly kickstart your day.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

(Rock) 9:30-11:30am

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminals!
borninsixtynine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW

(Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

An eclectic mix of Canadian indie with rock, experimental, world, reggae, punk and ska from Canada, Latin America and Europe. The Morning After Show has local bands playing live on

the Morning After Sessions. Hosted by Oswaldo Perez Cabrera.

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT

(World) 2-3pm

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional to modern on this bilingual show. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica etnica italiana.
givetheboot@gmail.com
http://givetheboot.wordpress.com

WINGS

(Talk) 3-3:30pm

Alternating Tuesdays

PROF TALK

(Talk) 3-3:30pm

Alternating Tuesdays
Bringing UBC's professors on air to talk about current/past events at the local and international level. Aiming to provide a space for faculty and doctoral level students to engage in dialogue and share their current research, and to provide a space for interdisciplinary thinking. Interviews with professors from a variety of disciplines.
http://ubcprofstalk.wordpress.com
profstalk@gmail.com

RADIO FREETHINKER

(Talk) 3:30-4:30pm

Promoting skepticism, critical thinking and science, we examine popular extraordinary claims and subject them to critical analysis. The real world is a beautiful and fascinating place and we want people to see it through the lens of reality as opposed to superstition.

IN THE CAGE WITH BARDS

(Talk) 4:30-5pm

Join Carlin Bardsley as he welcomes the top names in Canadian Mixed Martial Arts to put up their dukes and discuss the fastest growing sport in the world. Recaps, interviews, tunes and more... it's the most fun you can have without being punched in the face!
www.facebook.com/inthecagewithbards
inthecagewithbards@hotmail.com

THUNDERBIRD EYE

(Talk) 5-6pm
Your weekly roundup of UBC
Thunderbird sports action
from on campus and off with
your host Wilson Wong.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

(Hardcore) 6-8pm
Punk rock and hardcore since
1989. Bands and guests from
around the world.

INSIDE OUT

(Dance) 8-9pm

CRIMES & TREASONS

(Hip-hop) 9-11pm
crimesandtreasons@
gmail.com

CABARADIO

(Talk) 11pm-12:30am
For the world of Cabaret.
Tune in for interviews,
skits, musical guests and
more. It's Radio with sass!

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

(Eclectic) 8-10am
Live from the Jungle Room,
join radio host Jack Velvet
for an eclectic mix of music,
sound bites, information and
inanity. Not to be missed!
dj@jackvelvet.net

POP DRONES

(Eclectic) 10-11:30am

ANOIZE

(Noise) 11:30am-1pm
An hour and a half of avant-
rock, noise, plunderphonic,
psychedelic and outsider
aspects of audio. An experi-
ence for those who want to
be educated and EARited.
lukemeat@hotmail.com

THE GREEN MAJORITY

(Talk) 1-2pm
Canada's only environmen-
tal news hour, syndicated by
CIUT 89.5 FM Toronto or
www.greenmajority.ca.

DEMOCRACY NOW

(Talk) 2-3pm

RUMBLTONE RADIO

A GO GO

(Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out
garage mayhem!

ARTS REPORT

(Talk) 5-6pm

REEL TO REAL

(Talk) 6-6:30pm
Alternating Wednesdays
Movie reviews and criticism.

DISORDER RADIO

(Talk) 6-6:30pm
Alternating Wednesdays
Disorder Magazine now
has its own radio show! Join
us to hear excerpts of feature
interviews, charts, concert
calendar picks and other
exciting morsels! For more
info, visit disorder.ca.

SAMSQUANTCH'S

HIDEAWAY

(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
Alternating Wednesdays
All-Canadian music with a
focus on indie-rock/pop.
anitabinder@hotmail.com

SHAMELESS

(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
Alternating Wednesdays
Dedicated to giving local
music acts a crack at some
airplay. When not playing
the PR sh*tick, you can hear
some faves you never knew
you liked.

FOLK SASIS

(Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic folk/
roots music, with a big em-
phasis on our local scene.
C'mon in! A kumbaya-free
zone since 1997.
folkosais@gmail.com

SEXY IN VAN CITY

(Talk) 10-11pm
Your weekly dose of educa-
tion and entertainment in
the realm of relationships
and sexuality.
sexyinvancity.com/category/
sexy-in-vancity-radio

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
Pretty much the best thing
on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

(Talk) 8-10am

SWEET AND HOT

(Jazz) 10am-12pm
Sweet dance music and hot
jazz from the 1920s, '30s
and '40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

(Eclectic) 12-1pm
Sweet treats from the pop
underground. Hosted by Dun-
can, sponsored by donuts.
duncansdonuts.
wordpress.com

WE ALL FALL DOWN

(Eclectic) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop and
whatever else I deem wor-
thy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

www.weallfalldowncitr.
blogspot.ca

INK STUDS

(Talk) 2-3pm
Underground and indie
comix. Each week, we inter-
view a different creator to
get their unique perspective
on comix and discuss their
upcoming works.

JAPANESE MUSICQUEST

(World) 3-3:30pm
Syndicated from CJLY
Kootenay Co-op Radio in
Nelson, B.C.

FRENCH CONNECTION

(World) 3:30-5pm
French language and music.
www.fcabc.org

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS

(Talk) 5-6pm
A national radio service and
part of an international net-
work of information and ac-
tion in support of indigenous
peoples' survival and dignity.

ARE YOU AWARE

(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
Celebrating the message
behind the music: Profiling
music and musicians that
take the route of positive
action over apathy.

EXQUISITE CORPSE

(Experimental) 7:30-9pm
Experimental, radio-art,
sound collage, field record-
ings, etc. Recommended for
the insane.
artcorpse@yahoo.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD

RADIO HELL
(Live Music) 9-11pm
Featuring live band(s) every
week performing in the
CITR Lounge. Most are from
Vancouver, but sometimes
bands from across the coun-
try and around the world.

FUNK MY LIFE

(Soul/Dance) 11pm-12am
Grooving out tunes with a
bit of soul and a lot of funk,
from the birth of rhythm and
blues to the golden age of
motown, to contemporary
dance remixes of classic soul
hits. We explore Brazilian
funk, Japanese breakbeat
anthems, the British motown
remix scene, Canadian soul
and disco that your parents
probably made out to and the
classics of American soul.
Soul in the City's Oker hosts
with guests to bring that
extra bounce to your step.
www.funkmylife.com

AURAL TENTACLES

(Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be global, trance,
spoken word, rock, the
unusual and the weird, or it
could be something differ-
ent. Hosted by DJ Pierre.
auraltentacles@hotmail.com

FRIDAY

FRIDAY SUNRISE

(Eclectic) 7:30-9am
An eclectic mix of indie
rock, hip-hop and reggae to
bring you up with the sun.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO

(Talk) 9-10:00am
Hosted by David Barsamian.

CITR LISTENER HOUR

(Eclectic) 12-1pm
Tune in each week as you,
the CITR fan, get to pro-
gram an hour of adventure
for the whole world to hear!
For more info, contact
program coordinator Bryce
Dunn at citrprogramming@
club.ams.ubc.ca.

BARNBURNER

(Eclectic) 1-2pm
The greasier side of rock
'n' roll, rhythm 'n' blues,
and country... Crack a beer,
order some BBQ, and get
your boogie on.

RADIO ZERO

(Dance) 2-3:30pm
An international mix of
super-fresh weekend party
jams from New Wave to
foreign electro, baile, Bol-
lywood and whatever else.
www.radiozero.com

NARDWUAR

(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm
Join Nardwuar the Human
Serviette for Clam Chow-
der flavoured entertain-
ment. Doot doola doot
doo...doot doo!
nardwuar@nardwuar.com

NEWS 101

(Talk) 5-6pm
See Monday for description.

CITR SPORTS LIVE

(Talk) 6-10:30pm

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

(Industrial) 12-4am
Dark, sinister music to
soothe and/or move the
Dragon's soul. Industrial,
goth and a touch of metal
too. Blog: thevampiresball.
blogspot.com.
thevampiresball@gmail.com

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE

(Roots) 8am-12pm
A personal guide to world
and roots music—with
African, Latin and European
music in the first half, fol-
lowed by Celtic, blues,
songwriters, Cajun and
whatever else fits!
stevedge3@mac.com

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

(Punk) 12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk
and old-school hardcore
backed by band interviews,
guest speakers and social
commentary.
crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca
generationannihilation.com

POWER CHORD

(Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's longest run-
ning metal show. If you're
into music that's on the
heavier/darker side of the
spectrum, then you'll like
it. Sonic assault provided by
Geoff, Marcia and Andy.

CODE BLUE

(Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta
low-down slide to urban
harp honks, blues and
blues roots with your hosts
Jim, Andy and Paul.
codeblue@buddy-system.org

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

(World) 5-6pm
The best of mix of Latin
American music.
leoramirez@canada.com

NASHA VOLNA

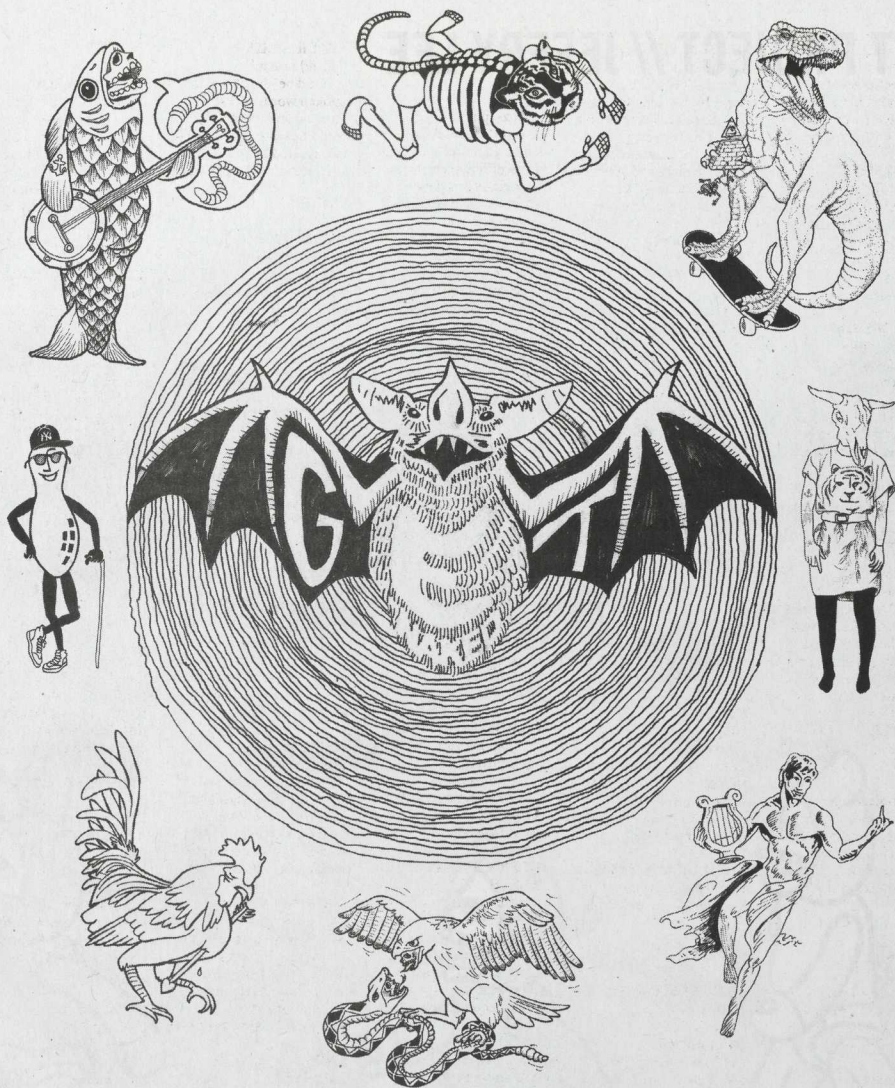
(World) 6-7pm
News, arts, entertainment and
music for the Russian com-
munity, local and abroad.
nashavolna.ca

NOTES FROM THE

UNDERGROUND
(Electronic/Hip-hop/More)
7-9pm
Start your Saturday night
off right with our weekly
showcase of the local
underground DJ and elec-
tronic music scene.
notesundergroundradio.
blogspot.com
notesundergroundradio@
gmail.com

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

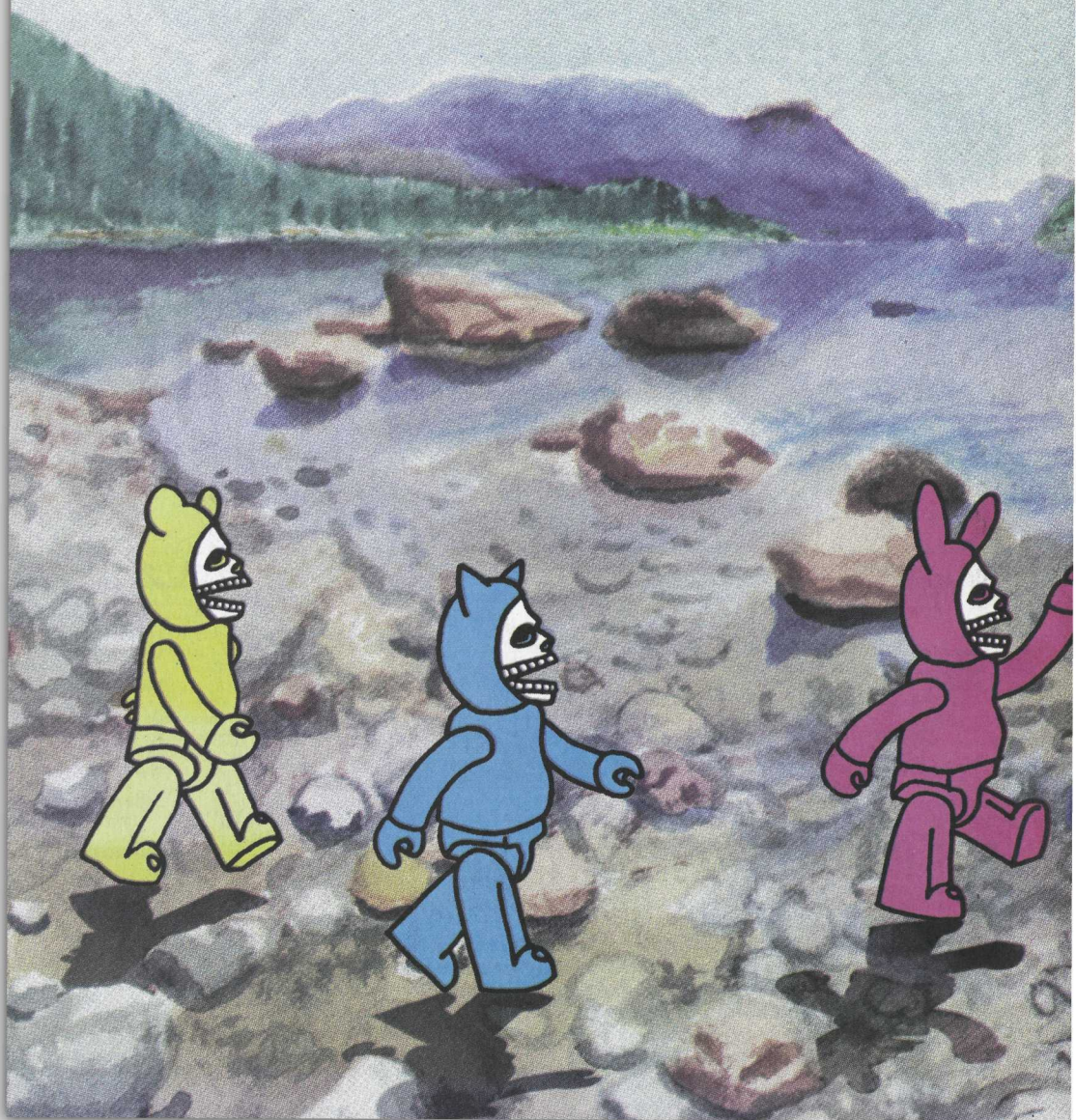
(Dance/Electronic) 9-11pm
If you like everything from
electro/techno/trance/8-bit
music/retro '80s this is the
show for you!
www.synapticsandwich.net

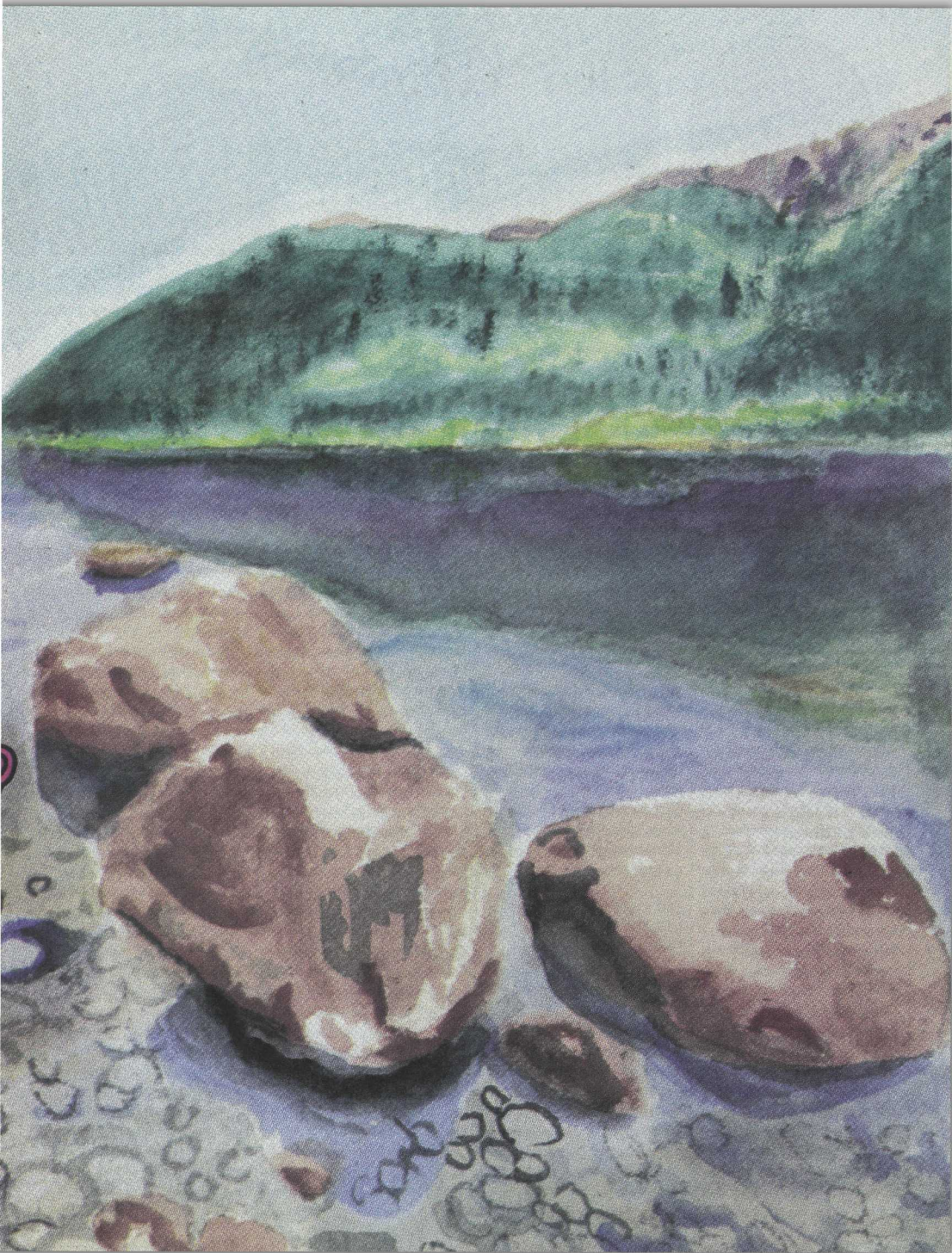


ART PROJECT // JEFFRY LEE

Sometimes I ask myself, "Jeff, what have you done with your life? Why couldn't you have done something important, something meaningful? Why, you could have been a doctor!" And I think to myself, "Yeah, I could have been a doctor!" Sure, I thought about it; I considered getting my doctorate. My patients would be all, "Dr. Lee, help me! This drawing I did fucking sucks!" tAnd I'd be all, "Hmmm... I see. Diagnosis: maybe you're drawing doesn't suck enough!" Then I'd prescribe that they finger paint over it in black oil and redraw it with their eyes closed. Jeff Lee, doctor at art! Man, how rich would that be?

ART PROJECT // JEFFRY LEE





UNDER REVIEW

JAMES BLAKE
JAMES BLAKE
(Atlas Recordings)

Collecting a prodigious amount of hype and anticipation for a musician who began releasing music less than two years ago, James Blake's first full-length release rises from an unexpected synthesis of the deeply-rooted London dubstep scene and a formal musical upbringing, delivering a very personal result.

The album's opener "Unluck" introduces Blake's striking vocals: soulfully shaped, bent and mutilated with electronics, fluttering over a frantically clicking beat and an oscillating synth. This first glimpse at his displaced and calculated offbeat vocals with an immediately catchy pop-sensibility serves as a gripping introduction to something altogether very different. As the album moves into the introspective "Wilhelms Scream," Blake makes fascinating use of his repetition of a single lyric phrase, which becomes a common theme in the album, with a paradoxically dynamic effect. The development of the atmosphere with a hint of R&B shows an apt use of space and scale which begins with just a digital organ and a basic beat swelling to cacophonous reverberated dimensions in which a nearly drowned-out Blake pierces through, eventually returning you to nearly exactly where it all began.

The two-part "Lindesfarne" is as close to Justin Vernon's log cabin type of intimacy that the young producer gets through skillfully auto-tuned and garbled vocals in the vein of Bon Iver's "Woods," and a warm, almost organic guitar following, driven by a heartbeat of a rhythm. A fascinat-

ing amount of emotion transcends through a heavily altered voice uttering barely intelligible combinations of sounds throughout its entire two parts; however, the gaping silences in the song's cautious progression can drag, on occasion.

Probably the most unexpected highlight of the album is a cover of Feist's "Limit to Your Love" which starts off with a raw and unaltered Blake singing over a simple, soulful piano riff and collapses into a deep bass drop. The song finds itself in a striking juxtaposition of two disparate worlds which Blake masterfully combines into a creation that belongs to a world of his very own.

From there on, the album navigates this world with Blake's modest and careful yet daring control. Emotion is given centre stage throughout the album, and James Blake delivers it through his raw vocals which aren't merely digitally altered to compensate for lack of talent, but masterfully crafted through a cunning choice of tools to achieve an unmistakable effect.

—Christian Voveris

BRIGHT EYES
THE PEOPLE'S KEY
(Saddle Creek)

Bright Eyes takes the more electronic route for their latest and possibly final album, *The People's Key*. There's a hint of their favourable indie-folk sound, but it's mostly enveloped by a thick soundscape of futuristic sweeps and pulsating synthesizers. The album is full of sci-fi imagery, which continually guides the listener outward to some spacey landscape before bringing them back to that familiar vulnerability that Conor Oberst's lyrics

always exude.

The People's Key opens with a trippy, spoken commentary by a Texas shaman named Denny Brewer. He shares his random and intriguing theories on evolution, time travel and the universe. Though the album puts out all these heavy philosophical questions about life and existence, it avoids feeling too serious or self-indulgent. This is in part due to songs like "Jeune Stars" and "Triple Spiral," which are just so damn catchy. These upbeat, electro-pop songs show off a melodic side to Oberst's voice, which sounds more polished than usual.

Beyond the catchy, upbeat stuff, *The People's Key* also delivers memorable tracks like the moody and dark "Approximate Sunlight" and the beautifully simplistic "Ladder Song." The latter's imagery-laden lyrics "See now a star is born / Looks just like a blood orange / Don't it just make you want to cry?" remind us of Oberst's poetic talents. "One for You, One for Me," a kind of synth-styled protest song, closes off the album with a hopeful image of peace and harmony. Paradoxically, the song ends on, "You and me, you and me / That is an awful lie / It's I and I," returning back to the uncertainty of self, existence and spirituality. Oberst doesn't pretend to have an answer to all the big, humanist ideas that constantly linger over a Bright Eyes album—he's always been just as lost as we are. But, this time, the album leaves it up to this Brewer fellow to pull things together. He ends the album with a few words of wisdom, declaring something about our need for love and compassion. And so, if this simple, yet entirely meaningful message is what Oberst wants

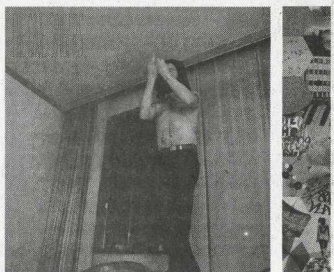
to leave his fans with, then that's not bad for a formal farewell.

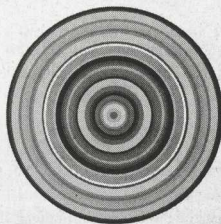
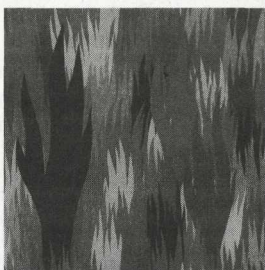
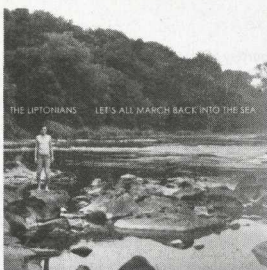
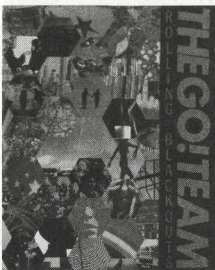
—Angela Yen

THE CAVE SINGERS
NO WITCH
(Jagjaguwar)

Hailing from Seattle, but sounding like they're from Mississippi, The Cave Singers aim to bring you 'round back for a foot tappin' good time on the porch. Listening to the band for hours at a time, however, will reveal a lack of individuality between their songs.

The threesome gravitates toward a more unrefined brand of blues, usually focusing on minimal instrumentation and repeated musical patterns, somewhat like *The Stone Roses*, except with more of a pickup-truck-on-dirt-road sort of feel. Further classic influences can be heard on album highlights "Black Leaf" and "No Prosecution If We Bail," where the trio seemingly pay a raucous tribute to the old time Mississippi blues. But *No Witch* simply does not announce its musical ideology and rest. Rather, every song dabbles with different influences and sounds while maintaining honesty to its cause. "Outer Realms" is an interesting blend of sell-your-soul-at-the-crossroads guitar riffs and middle eastern hand drum rhythms. "Clever Creatures" sheds a bit of the blues and adopts more of an indie-rock feel, while "Haystacks" provides a harmonica riff and a gospel inspired chorus. Regardless of the mood or temperament of its pieces, a binding element throughout the album is the band's propensity to take a guitar riff and exploit it to the maximum. Often, there is no build up to a chorus. Sometimes there isn't a chorus at all, but a





meandering story set atop plucked, picked and slid chord progressions.

Listening to the album from start to finish is a non-event, however, with vocalist Pete Quirk tending to sing in the same whisky-soaked rasp for most of its tracks, relying on Derek Fudescio's guitar work to bring out the character of the song. Individually, there are some great tunes, but the album becomes a tad tedious.

Nevertheless, with their third release, The Cave Singers have generated a broader, bolder sound. Every track seems to draw something from American music history, and whether The Cave Singers use gospel, biker culture or poetry as their inspiration, their music is authentic and bears a primal quality. Pick out some of the highlights for your next blues mix tape. You will not be disappointed.

—Slavko Bucfel

CHINA SYNDROME NOTHING'S NOT WORTH KNOWING (Independent)

Vancouver's China Syndrome uses the ever-changing economy, social media blitz and struggle between life and work as the major inspirations for *Nothing's Not Worth Knowing*. Self-described as "musically expansive," the group try to capture the sounds of early **Rolling Stones**, psychedelic rock, '80s synth music and present-day melodic indie pop to create their perfect soundtrack.

The problem is not that the album fails to deliver an expansive experience—hints of grunge and fuzzed out guitar present themselves on *NNWN*—but that the album lacks musical sense because of it. The blazing guitar solo on "Home" is great,

especially when placed atop a thick and bluesy rhythm guitar section, but when the lead fades out and disappears at the end of the song it seems misplaced and awkward. The actual musicianship is great, but China Syndrome mimics the music they love instead of creating something new.

The lyrics are bold and honest, but lack ingenuity, sacrificing creativity for upfront clarity, making things a bit boring. The repetitive refrain of "It's an underwater world / And I don't want to jump in / Are we here to stay in an underwater world," on "Lost In The Bay" feels achingly bland. The album has some high points, but overall the album sounds like a bad mash-up.

—Kaitlin McNabb

CURSED ARROWS DEATH RATTLE BLUES (Independent)

Following the **White Stripes'** recent break up, a sizable drum-and-guitar-shaped hole was left in the dirty blues scene. That hole can now be filled by Halifax's Cursed Arrows.

The gender-balanced two-piece, comprised of Ry N and Jack E Stanley, step up to the plate and hit a strong drive into centre field with their new cassette *Death Rattle Blues*. It's not quite a home run, but it's pretty damn close. The tape features "Death Rattle Blues," the first single off their upcoming third full length *The Madness of the Crowds*. It also contains two acoustic tracks and two cover tunes.

"Death Rattle Blues" is a kick in the teeth in the best way possible. The driving guitar lines and steady build-up showcase the rawness of Cursed Arrows, with a dash of Pinkerton-era **Weezer** shining through as the pair har-

monize the line "Watching you watching me." It's a standout track, wetting our appetites for *Madness of the Crowds*.

The PJ Harvey cover, "Rid of Me," contains great harmonies recorded in an off-the-cuff manner. The acoustic tracks "Carefree Chemicals" and "Not The End" are decent, but they pale in comparison to the raw power of the other songs. Cursed Arrows are at their strongest with their instruments plugged in.

All in all, *Death Rattle Blues* is similar to a three-dollar breakfast at Bon's: quick, dirty and satisfying.

—Cail Judy

GANG OF FOUR Content (YepRoc Records)

Gang of Four were one of the leading post-punk bands of the late '70s and early '80s, fusing an eclectic mix of funk, dub-reggae, punk and new wave elements with lyrics that spoke of societies ills. The English outfit were a hard-edged and politically motivated band that were considered by many to be one of the best at what they did. The '80s and '90s saw some lineup changes and a softening of their sound that veered a little toward hard disco and new wave, but the albums kept coming on strong, staying true to what they believed was relevant for the times.

The band has just released *Content* and, by all appearances, this is some of their strongest material to date. I was a bit young to latch onto their music when it first came out, but listening through their catalogue now, I can appreciate their output. *Content* is great because it captures something visceral and lacking in some of today's music. There is an unapologetically

dated quality to some of the songs that mix well with modern day technological advances. The lyrics come from a place of thought, urging us to look more closely at the holes we dig for ourselves in our undesirable chosen professions ("I Party All the Time"), or at losing touch with our identity in a consumerist-obsessed culture ("Who Am I?"). These are well written songs that don't rely on smash-mouth anger tactics in order to be affecting. The messages are clearly stated and the music is fun, driving and real. Long time fans of the band will rejoice at this return to form and new listeners will easily be drawn in.

—Nathan Pike

THE GO! TEAM ROLLING BLACKOUTS (Memphis Industries)

Just to warn you, this review contains bad sports clichés and a lot of hype. But before we get to the crux, it is important to note that The Go! Team's inspiration continues to sound like an American college football marching band combined with enticing beats, aggressive lyrical tones and textured noise-pop. Considering the group is based in the UK, this combination is somewhat surprising. *Rolling Blackouts*, The Go! Team's third album, is a totally hyper listening experience, and you can't help but be drawn to the sports motifs, cheerleader chants, break beats and indie pop goodness that it provides.

Now, as with any competitive sporting event, there exists a measure of achievement; therefore, it is only fitting to assess this frenzied soundtrack using a point system. Let us begin: Ten points awarded

to the first few seconds of the opening track "T.O.R.N.A.D.O." which will blow your socks off and give you the boost you need to leap over mountains. Fifteen points for being able to completely switch gears and produce beautiful, bouncy, melodic pop in "Secretary Song" and their supremely catchy single "Buy Nothing Day." Five points for having an album cover collage as interesting as the music. Fifteen points for 40 minutes of magnificent mayhem with no filler to be found, anywhere. Twenty points for chaotic turntable cuts and breaks placed at just the right moments. Twenty-five points for "Back Like 8 Track," the epic finale which would perfectly score the next Rocky film. This last track is worth the price of admission on its own as it features the most exhilarating crescendo of brass ever to be put down on vinyl. Finally, ten points for sounding like the band had a lot of fun producing the record, as most of the choral incantations sound like they were recorded at a frat party.

One minor complaint: The album must be played on a good sound system, or at least a quality pair of headphones. The emphasis on the mid-range frequencies from the full complement of sampled instruments, beats and vocals makes for an uncomfortable listening experience on small ear-buds, and at times barely adequate on a good system; for this, I've deducted five points.

Overall, The Go! Team leave it all out on the field as they continue their tradition of creating upbeat, danceable music that sounds like a backdrop to frosh week. Scoring go out of a possible 100 points, the UK outfit definitely bring their "A" game on their third release.

—Slavko Bucfal

HEY ROSETTA! SEEDS (Sonic Records)

Picture yourself driving along the highway, enjoying a pleasant day on the road, and then you hit rush hour. Your momentum stops. And starts. And stops. *Seeds*, by Hey Rosetta!, is

reminiscent of such a drive.

Seeds, Hey Rosetta!'s follow up to 2008's Polaris Music Prize shortlisted *Into Your Lungs* (and around in your heart, and on through your blood), does not measure up to its predecessor. While it's a good record, the song writing found here is not up to par with the band's previous work. *Seeds* does find the band experimenting with their songwriting, but with varying degrees of success.

The title track features an ill-placed drum solo that, while it may work great live, does not belong on the recording. Similarly, the song "Parson Brown (Upirngangutut Iqalunni)" features three sections that do not complement one another—the track soon dissolves into a mess of loosely linked ideas. In addition, most of the songs on the album follow a formula: they build, drop off, and build again. While it's an effective technique on some songs, it becomes tiring, even grating, over the course of an entire album.

Some songs off *Seeds* do, however, exceed anything found on their previous releases. "Welcome," a song written for a friend's newborn child, evokes both the harshness and joy one can expect out of life.

I would recommend purchasing this album on CD, rather than as a download, as the cover is a work of art. The physical release also comes with a poster and a package of seeds. —Adam Clarke

THE LIPTONIANS LET'S ALL MARCH BACK INTO THE SEA (Head in the Sand)

Let's All March Back Into The Sea is the second offering from the Winnipeg-based Liptonians, and on it, founding members Matt Schellenberg and Bucky Driedger have surrounded themselves with a roster of various other musicians. This revolving door-policy gives their music a wonderful depth that is both engaging and stimulating. "Growing Old in the City" is a swaying, drunken mess of a song that conjures up memories of stumbling home after a night on the sauce. "The Privatist Parts" is a lovely, dream-like track with divine

vocals courtesy of Driedger. The final track, "March Back Into The Sea" has a similar feel to the *National*, with its epic piano-based soundscape.

Let's All March Back Into The Sea oscillates between beautiful pop-driven melodies and raucous mash-ups, but it always maintains an element of integrity. It's a pleasure to listen to. The tiny nuances found within each song are a trainpotter's delight. See if you can figure out which track features the sound of a railroad spike (and no cheating by looking at the album notes). This is the band to get into before all your friends do.

—Katherine Boothroyd

MOGWAI HARDCORE WILL NEVER DIE BUT YOU WILL (Rock Action Records / Sup Pop)

Some bands take a while to find their footing, but Mogwai arrived on the scene fully formed back in the 90s, helping define the post-rock genre with their debut, *Young Team*. The question is, where do they go from there? Perform a stylistic about-face like *Radiohead* did with *Kid A*? Or, like *AC/DC*, just re-record the same album over and over again? The answer is this: do neither. Since then, Mogwai have explored every potential variation on the themes laid out in their debut, slowly and subtly developing and adding to their sound.

HWNDBYW, the band's seventh album, starts awkwardly with "White Noise," which—pretty as it is—sounds like the theme music to a BBC wildlife documentary. Things improve on the next track, "Mexican Grand Prix," as they employ elements of electro and end up sounding a lot like *Trans Am*, which isn't a bad thing. Tracks "San Pedro" and "George Square Thatcher Death Party" are uncharacteristically upbeat and almost cheerful in tone, the former's melody reminiscent of a Johnny Marr or Peter Dinklage guitar motif. Elsewhere on the album, cuts like "Death Rays," "How to Be a Werewolf" and "You're Lionel Richie" utilize the rather hackneyed "quiet / loud / quiet" formula, albeit in a less obvious and more adept manner than many of their post-rock peers.

Above all else, this album reiterates Mogwai's talent for creating powerfully evocative music that is both ecstatic and life-affirming and gut-wrenchingly sad. Though this emotional resonance roots their music in the human experience, the music's generally instrumental approach invites the listener to follow their imaginations beyond the concerns of the self and find transcendence in its dynamic shifts and sweeping, panoramic melodies.

—Will Pedley

RADIOHEAD THE KING OF LIMBS (Ticker Tape / XL)

The King of Limbs is a bit of a mystery. Musically and artistically, it isn't what we were expecting. It isn't a logical follow-up to *In Rainbows*. It doesn't sound like the product of three-plus years in the studio. It doesn't follow in the footsteps of "These Are My Twisted Words." For all that it isn't, then, what is *The King of Limbs*? It's short, confusing, frustrating, bleak and brilliant.

The most noticeable change is evident from the very beginning. Glitchy, pre-programmed breakbeats are present in half the album's songs, often paired with similar live drum work from Philip Selway. The connection to *Thom Yorke's* *The Eraser* is obvious and strong (particularly with songs like "The Clock" or "Atoms for Peace"). "Bloom," the huge opening track to *Limbs*, sounds fresh, but it also sets the tone for the rest of the album. The composition sounds as though it were filtered through a very Yorke-centric prism. The following track "Morning Mr. Magpie" is guitar-heavy, but after "Bloom," it's hard to hear stringed instruments as anything more than frantic digital noise. Colin Greenwood supplies a great, driving bass line through the track, but it's lost in a fury of delay and percussion. "Little by Little" helps to focus the sounds and this is certainly the most conventional song on the album (save maybe "Separator"), but even it has shakers, drum machines and a rolling beat from Selway livening things up to surprising

levels. It is songs like this one, and later "Lotus Flower," that point to the eccentricity that Radiohead is chiefly concerned with on their latest release. In their own bizarre way, these are some of Radiohead's most danceable songs, and this tends to be one of the album's most enjoyable qualities. "Lotus Flower" has great vocals, but wouldn't be nearly as good if it didn't allow you to dance along with Yorke.

Things get even more difficult on the back half of the album. "Codex" is downright gorgeous. The simple piano evokes memories of an old favourite, "Pyramid Song," while its touching lyrics remain unparalleled. It too has a digital heartbeat keeping pace, but that's a minute detail compared to the song's soaring horns. "Separator" brings the album to a close with a contemplative mood and has the most noticeable whole band instrumentation.

Some may hear this album and be disappointed. It's Radiohead's shortest album, although only by five minutes, but it feels like the shortest too. That's a tough pill to swallow when one remembers all the fun that *In Rainbows* brought on. The King of Limbs doesn't have a show opening "15 Step," an "All I Need" vs. "Reckoner" debate or a grand and emotional "Videotape" finish. What it does have is eight great tracks, a deep need for repeat listening and not a clue as to its intent. For now, we have to take Limbs at face value. The coming weeks may reveal more material, a tour schedule or nothing at all. Any of those things would shine a light on the band's intentions and how the band views the album as a whole. But we don't have that insight yet. All we can do now is enjoy the eight gorgeous, context-free tracks that the band has delivered.

—Jasper Walley

RECKONER RECKONER (Independent)

I can't claim to be an authority on metal or progressive hardcore to any degree, but what I can say is how this kind of music makes me feel when it strikes the right chord, or in Reckoner's case, pummels the right chord into a happy

submission. This self-titled release is the band's first full-length and it features one mighty blow after another, bringing about the same gut-churning feeling that washed over me upon first hearing *Mastodon* a few years back. The music is intense, intricate and layered and has that epic quality that brings to mind images of Norse Gods laying waste to goblin armies and plundering riches from the fortunate.

But this is not mindless, aggressive metal full of darkness and despair. Reckoner's lyrics deal with issues such as our wounded earth and the scars we as humanity place upon her. But to call this a "world weary" album, or music with a message might cheapen it a little. Sure, the messages exist in the music, but they are stamped in place when needed and not hammered down your throat.

That these dudes play hard and have a blast doing so is what makes this album a winner. Recorded at Vancouver's Armoury Studios with producer/engineer Shaun Thingvold (*Strapping Young Lad*, *Lamb of God*), Reckoner's first full-length is a heaving, churning, frothing monster of an album that is of superb quality and sound. One of the best tracks here is the short but brutal "Waves of Perception" which kicks straight into the huge riffs of "Grey Spot." Vancouver definitely has a growing metal scene that deserves more attention, and with albums like Reckoner, we are well on our way to earning a place on the heavy metal map.

—Nathan Pike

THE RURAL ALBERTA ADVANTAGE DEPARTING (Paper Bag Records)

Departing is the follow up to the Rural Alberta Advantage's successful debut *Hometowns*. With band leader Nils Edenloff firmly at the helm, the indie three-piece deliver a wonderful record. Despite being based in Toronto, their sound has that West Coast feel.

"Stamp" is an absolute standout. Between some superbly frenetic drumming courtesy of Paul Banwatt and Amy Cole's gorgeously cooed backup vocals, the track practically

jumps out of the speakers.

"North Star" is a beautiful track that is its own quiet revolution. Edenloff's vocals become an instrument of their own, guiding the song to epic heights.

Overall, *Departing* is a slow build. It demands a few listens and a certain level of attention to be fully appreciated, but it is worth it. They will be heading west to Vancouver, playing at Venue on April 7, and from all accounts they put on a red hot show. If *Departing* is an accurate depiction of the talents of the Rural Alberta Advantage, it will be well worth checking them out.

—Katherine Boothroyd

THE SURFDUSTERS SAVE THE WAVES (Fireball Records)

The Surfdusters have gained legendary status in the surf rock world. Not only are they the only Canadian band featured on Rhino's *Cowabunga! The SurfBox* (alongside the Beach Boys and the Trashmen), but they have shared the stage with icons like Dick Dale and the Ventures, and their music was used numerous times on the beloved cartoon *Spongebob Squarepants*.

Save The Waves is a compilation covering their 20-year career, with old favourites hand-picked by the band at the urging of founding member Rich Hagensen. The result is a 27-track album of masterfully composed, bonafide surf rock. From opening foghorn in "Radar Hill," it is evident that this is genuine surf that holds its own against anything produced in the '50s or '60s. There is little kitsch here; these songs weren't written by greasy kids in aloha shirts who spend more time with their head up the tail pipe of an old Buick than they do at beach, nor are the songs just a mash-up of ripped-off riffs and regurgitated hooks. The Surfdusters have managed to find depth in a genre that is often just passed off as novelty. These are completely original, honestly conceived tracks from a group of people who obviously love both the music and the ocean. *Save The Waves* is a well-rounded collection of fuzzed out rockers, mid-tempo rumbler and mellow

cruisers that are fun, rambunctious and, at times, oddly serene.

—Mark PaulHus

WOODLAND TELEGRAPH FROM THE FIELDS (Northern Folklore)

From The Fields is the second album in Woodland Telegraph's *Canadian Landscape Trilogy*, each of which documents a specific area of Canada through folklore and music. Full of rich instrumentation, each song tells a story of prairie life that singer-songwriter Matthew Lovegrove wrote after having rummaged through newspaper archives and having spoken with the "oldtimers" of the Canadian flatlands.

Woodland Telegraph's togetherness is undeniable throughout their songs. The open and airy "White Pelican" gives bassist Eric Mosher a perfect opportunity to shine, while "Wind Out On The Prairie" owes its pleasant mood to some cheerful strings. Every instrument played, from banjos and guitars to the drums, is rich with precision and fluidity. However, Woodland Telegraph filters via band leader Lovegrove's weak vocal performance. Although his talent in songwriting is obvious, he should take a step back and allow someone with a stronger voice to do the lead vocals. The Prairies are a rough climate, and they deserve their stories to be told by a voice that doesn't rely on trying to be pretty, rather than just belting out the raw, unadulterated stories of the middle of Canada.

Regardless, *From The Fields* is an enjoyable album full of bluegrass and folk and it is tight and together in its instrumentation. This is definitely worth a listen.

—Alec J. Ross

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REAL LIVE ACTION

TENNIS / AIR WAVES

Media Club / January 31

If the typical description of Tennis—the married couple from Denver who sailed along the Eastern Seaboard for almost a year and then wrote an album's worth of songs about their journey—is awash in nautical metaphors, it's because that's the most natural way to talk about them. It's hard to hear about this band without also hearing their backstory, so as Patrick Riley and Alaina Moore filled the Media Club with breezy tunes, many in the audience must have had similar images in their minds: lapping waves, flapping sails and sunsets on an open sea. These mental images were picture-perfect, just like the performance, as the sway in Moore's vocals and the jangle in Riley's guitar made "Pigeon" achingly sweet and "Seafarer" a bouncy delight. Elsewhere, the Hammond organ bubbled up beneath the climbing melody of "Cape Dory" and the fuzzy chords of "Baltimore" as Moore crooned about life away from land.

If Tennis took us on a maritime sojourn, opener Air Waves settled for

what amounted to a bland staycation. Their sunny-sounding indie pop was enjoyable but unremarkable. Besides the ironically-titled standout "Humm-drum," which sounded like a sedated version of Vancouver's Better Friends Than Lovers, there was little about them worth recalling, especially when compared to the wonderfully evocative headliner they were paired up with.

Tennis evoked more than all that nautical stuff, though. In Moore and Riley's attire, which can be described as pre-'80s, and in the "ooh ooh ooh's" and "sha na na's" sprinkled throughout the performance, the two brought to mind a more old-fashioned brand of love song, in which the only concern is the carefree feeling of spending time with someone special. There was an older couple down at stage right: he in a suit, she in a flowery summer dress and both of them dancing and embracing flamboyantly to the light-hearted romanticism that Tennis conveys. More than anyone else, they got it.

—Simon Foreman

NOBUNNY / DREAM DATE / INDIAN WARS

Railway Club / February 3

Stan from the Railway is the greatest bouncer in the world. He always makes you feel welcome with a smile and a laugh. He greeted us with enthusiasm about the Love DVD he gave me awhile ago, and most importantly, about Nobunny's imminent set. Well, he and 200 others were in for a treat. The bar featured one of the more varied crowds I'd seen at the Rail in a while, ranging from denim-and-studded leather sporting crust punks to the ironic Les Miz t-shirt wearer to actual Nobunny groupies sporting bunny masks.

Indian Wars singer/guitarist Frase With, the best Jay Reatard look-alike I've ever seen, stated "We never made a setlist," which explained a set that hopped from rootsy rock 'n' roll to noisy, sloppy blues complete with Jonathan Richman-style yelps. A great way to start the night.

I'm an absolute sucker for dual female guitarists singing lifting harmonies to a solid drum beat, which is why I was utterly enraptured with

Dream Date's set. Slumberland records influenced twee pop with beats that make ya wanna giddy up. I will be dreaming of dates with these gals for a while.

I had heard about Nobunny's legendary live shows for quite some time. I had always thought he was a one-man band, so I was surprised to see him with a full rock ensemble.

His fur was looking a little tattered and torn, but I think that was because of all the jumping around that he did all night. His new record, *Raw Romance*, is a collection of his earliest material, so he focused on that for most part. He did, however, pull out other favorites like "I am a Girlfriend" and "Boneyard." He kept us hopping all night until Stan politely had to kick everyone out. Then I went out and got drunk off my ass with an old friend until 5 a.m.

—Luke Meatt

THE BLOW / SONNY & THE SUNSETS

The Biltmore / February 5

It was nice to see the crowd of bearded,

plaid-clad hipsters already filling the shabby-chic basement backdrop of the Biltmore when opens Sonny & the Sunsets took the stage. Early shows can be erratic and unreliable—I once saw Of Montreal do an early gig at the Starfish Room where there were more people on stage than in the rabble. Uh, awkward.

Sonny Smith warmed the crowd with his methodically shambolic pop. Like a junior Jonathan Richman, his stage banter and idiosyncratic songs were a gift of garage-y goodness. "Death Cream" and "Too Young to Burn" were particularly fun-filled, but not everyone was as appreciative of Smith's wry sense of humour. When he amiably told the room in a dead pan that he would "remain frosty and removed because only sadness can come from sharing," the crowd stood silent.

By the time New York performance-pop artist Khaela Marichich, aka the Blume, breezed in with a surprising a capella cover of the Eagles' "Peaceful Easy Feeling," the Biltmore was a-boppin'. While the charmingly funny Marichich was full of good humour and anecdotal asides, her minimalist, lo-fi electronic pop melodies seemed to wear thin at times. Luckily, her limitations as a musical muse were dashed by her confidence and candour. Marichich's set was highlighted with theatrics and witty tangents, but if she'd done more ditties like promenade promising "Parenthesis" or catchy set closer "True Affection," she might have left a bigger impression, especially since she seemed to merely underscore sonic statements already made by more lilting performers like the X-Ray Spex and Bratmobile. Most of the assemblage didn't seem to mind, however, and found it cute how she spent a lot of time talking about a recent, unnamed collaborator whilst fussing with her lengthy locks. "The thing about the hair," Marichich shared with a knowing wink, "is you gotta be strong enough to control it, otherwise it's gonna control you."

Clearly the Blow was in control at the Biltmore, though, as she assumed an often amused and appreciative throng on this elated evening.

—Shane Scott-Travis

DAS RACIST / HOT SEX AND HIGH FINANCE / WINNIE COOPER DJs *Fortune Sound Club / February 7*

Following a couple of recent cancellations, Das Racist finally brought their self-described "Weed Edge / Hare Krishna Hard Core / Art Rap / Freak Folk" to the Fortune Sound Club. Third time's a charm! Of the wild snows that caused the Brooklyn trio to reschedule a late January appearance, Das Racist's Heems claimed they were an attempt to censor the group's political views because, after all, snow is an unacknowledged white supremacist conspiracy.

But wait, let's start from the beginning. Fortune was packed. It was a sold out show and the Winnie Cooper DJs kept it bumping as the crowd mingled. Vancouver locals Hot Sex and High Finance then pulled out a solid opening performance of gritty, white boy electro crunk. Pop Pete had the crowd moving while he gruffly rapped in a style that suggested what it would be like if the anticon posse's Sole fronted banal electro outfit Adult.

But on to the main show. By traditional standards, you could have called Das Racist's performance an utter failure. I had heard some bad news about their live show and I'm not going to lie, they were mumbling their way through lyrics, rapping over each other in a cacophony and I think Heems was on something strong. At one point he started staring off into space before wandering around the stage aimlessly; Kool AD teetered with a stiff drink in one hand and his mic in the other. Hype man and spiritual advisor Dap acted more like an MC, but his near-constant rapping just added to the already difficult soundscape.

That being said, these guys are brilliant. In a more straightforward sense, they pulled off "Chicken and Meat" and "Hugo Chavez" in a stellar fashion. When you remove yourself from the immediate musical experience and engage with Das Racist conceptually, things get more interesting. Their "hahahaha jk?", for instance, featured the paradoxical hook, "We're not joking—just joking / We are joking—just joking / We're not joking."

So are they, as the critics claim, just a joke-rap band that met at a liberal arts college? Evidence suggests that they are joking, but they aren't just joking.

Das Racist uses goofy stoner humour and dope beats to get their audience to swallow the bitter pills of racism and oppression, but the heart of their stage performance is a confrontational form of conceptual art. The bottom line here is that appreciating Das Racist live means you need to understand that they are trying to fuck with their audience. Heems briefly apologized to the crowd late in the show, claiming that the band finds what they do really funny, but admitted it's kind of an inside joke. In this sense, they evoke the stagecraft of Andy Kaufman or, due to their intoxicated madness, the legendary Ol' Dirty Bastard. My only complaint is that they don't take it far enough.

They had a room full of (mostly) privileged (mostly) white hipsters who paid to hear them make some social critiques, and to that end, they did deliver a few quick jabs. Yet there were white folks in the audience wearing stereotypical native attire ironically, a commonplace occurrence that takes a baffling lack of awareness when it comes to race relations (see nativeappropriations.blogspot.com for more examples).

Das Racist, you were at a hip nightclub in a gentrifying area of the Downtown Eastside. Fuck with these people! For all the name dropping of Gayatri Spivak and Edward Said, some fools only sank their teeth into "Combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell."

—Anthony Meza

SEBADOH / QUASI *The Rickshaw / February 18*

The night began at Zulu Records with a solo acoustic performance from Sebadoh leader Lou Barlow. He played some simple three-chord songs, cracked a few self-deprecating jokes and looked like he had just rolled out of bed—basically what you would expect from Lou Barlow was admittedly unprepared and took suggestions from the audience for what to play, but then proceeded to deny

the majority of them because he had forgotten how those songs went. It was an intimate and open start to a satisfying night.

After Zulu, my journey took me to the Rickshaw. The intimacy continued here, with Barlow turning up pre-show to sell t-shirts and sign autographs. He willingly posed for photos with fans while dealing with stupid comments like my, "Awesome show at Zulu, man." I'm sure he hadn't heard that one yet.

Quasi opened the evening. They seemed strangely familiar and I couldn't quite put my finger on it until I realized that they had opened for Pavement way back in September. They are a solid opening act, I suppose. Nothing spectacular, but they had energy and a few standout moments, such as when singer Sam Coomes had to fix his keyboards in the middle of a song while band mates Joanna Bolme and Janet Weiss supported him with a fantastic build-up of driving bass and drums. Some of the luster of this moment was lost, however, when I remembered that the same gimmick was pulled back in September—except that time he was fixing a guitar string.

Sebadoh didn't exactly arrive in style. They simply walked onstage and set up most of their equipment themselves. This, of course, fit perfectly; any other entrance would have seemed pretentious and out of place. They introduced themselves with some goofy chants and then proceeded to blast through what must have been 30 songs. At the Zulu show, Barlow had mentioned that they planned on playing 30. The thought of such an ambitious set seemed daunting, but once the show began, things really started rolling. The constant barrage of hits included "Sister," "Rebound" and "Skull," with only the briefest of interludes allowing Barlow and Jason Loewenstein to switch up their instruments between songs.

The somewhat straightforward alternative rock of their classic *Bake-sale* album was turned into a whole new monster live. The performance opened my eyes to what the essence



of their music was. What at first would have seemed to me a great disappointment—the complete absence of any tracks from their album *III*—turned out to be a negligible omission, as I learned the beauty of the raw lo-fi of *Bakesale* and *Smash Your Head On The Punk Rock*. Particularly impressive was “License to Confuse,” which is very simplistic and lacks creativity on record, but became a vital, fast-paced piece in concert. Another standout was the fantastic “New Worship,” which shifted from quiet, toe-tapping rhythms to insane thrashing. I came out of the Rickshaw with a much greater appreciation for the group. They are no longer just Lou Barlow’s Dinosaur Jr. side project. They are no longer even just Lou Barlow’s band—Loewenstein was fantastic and, perhaps even better than that night than Lou. I’ll conclude the same way Barlow announced their performance: “Way to go, Sebadoh!”

—Andy Resto

GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR / TOTAL LIFE

The Vogue / February 16

The long-awaited return of the mysterious and reclusive Montreal collective Godspeed You! Black Emperor

was received with a looming air of anticipation. In an unusual and cryptic pre-tour announcement, the recently reunited post-rockers warned that “it’s been a while, and left in the rain, the brakes have rusted and seized—we’ll have to go at it with hammers probably, with elbow grease and fury.” Based on my experience at their show, I can confirm that they did just that.

As I walked into the theatre, I was greeted to the deeply ambient drone of opening act Total Life. The one-man show consisted of atmospheric soundscapes mixed, produced and tweaked live using a table-full of synths, effects pedals and other nifty devices. The artist’s music built up and climaxed with a drum machine beat dropping into the ambience, almost turning one piece into a club-worthy dance track. As captivating as some of the moments of the set were, however, Total Life’s music developed at an evolutionary pace. And frankly, you can only sit and watch an almost motionless man bent over a table for so long.

Godspeed You! Black Emperor’s presence filled the hall gradually, starting with a subliminal build up of bass feedback that I realized had taken the place of background music

for the 20 or so minutes we waited for the band to show up on stage. As the mysterious bass sound swelled up, the eight members of the band took their places one by one and started adding to the ambience, eventually easing into their first piece of the night. Golden-yellow saturated images of idyllic plains looped from the fluttering 16mm projectors in the back as the band launched into “Storm,” an expression of hopeful melancholy driven by a soaring crescendo of guitars and strings.

As the band played a good deal of *Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven*, the projected images revealed an apocalyptic peek at the world through the band’s very own looking glass: glimpses of city scenes, flaming oil refineries, snapshots of renaissance books and writings depicting harrowing urban wastelands. Spoken word interludes with prophetic-sounding voices occasionally contributed to the orchestration of an otherwise wordless play. The music remained the focus of the show, however, as the the string section (three guitars, two basses and a violinist) worked together with the two percussionists to paint incredibly detailed pictures of intense beauty

and emotion that often outshone the vivid backdrops.

Despite their eight-year hiatus, Godspeed’s tight and intricately woven set showed no signs of the group having spent any time apart. Moreover, considering most of the content played was written over a decade ago, it’s fascinating how moving and relevant the material proved to be. The riveting closing track, “Blaise Bailey Finnegan III,” which had the projectionist screening flashes of police lights, reeling stock tickers and protesting crowds on the backdrop, proved that the news headlines and issues of the world at the dawn of the last decade still ring true today.

Slightly disappointing for some was the group’s setlist, which excluded some distinct favourites, such as “East Hastings,” a piece that would only seem fitting played in the city whose infamous street name it’s named for. However, as the band left the stage as gradually and carefully as they had entered two hours earlier, there was not a doubt amidst the awestruck audience that Godspeed had made their mark with a tactfully powerful comeback.

—Christian Voveris

HARD FEELINGS / PINEAPPLE / MEN AT ADVENTURE

Interurban Gallery / February 18

While billed on Facebook as a night to “sweat off your Valentine’s Day depression,” the show at Interurban Gallery also featured the Theft, Spillage and Rock ‘n’ Roll art opening, presenting photography and band posters by Jeffery Lee and Ryan Walter Wagner. The special case of the night, however, was that Hard Feelings were set to play their first Vancouver show since their former drummer Devon Clifford, also of You Say Party!,

passed away last April. Getting back on track, Hard Feelings made a very loud comeback.

Perhaps because an art show opened the evening there was a more chatty, social atmosphere within the Interurban Gallery. I must admit, I expected a rowdy bunch of hyperactive teens moshing wide eyed as beer splattered all around, but in reality it was an older, more refined hipster crowd that merely headbopped—not banged—at the right moments.

First up were Men At Adventure. The four-piece unleashed their grunge rock sound in deafening fashion. One song in and this reviewer's ears were numb. Between the shouted vocals and guitarist Jeffery Lee's floppy afro, the band came off as extremely energetic. Maybe the audience was too cool to enjoy the opening act, but aside from a core group of thrashers, the majority of the crowd stayed near the back. It was probably because the music was just so cochlea-blowingly loud.

A set change and a small keyboard set up later, we were introduced to a troupe of bearded, vested gents: "We're Pineapple—like the fruit!" Pineapple's cheery, poppy set was a fun insert between the two louder bands. Feel-good songs like "Happy Birthday 2000x" incited more movement and more dancing in the crowd.

People started filling the floor as Hard Feelings got ready to play. Though heralded as a comeback show, there was no mention of the past or the passing of Clifford. After a few initial problems, the four-piece band, featuring new drummer Nick Yacyshyn, also of Baptists, was ready. "We're stoked," vocalist/guitarist Al Boyle grinned. "It's been far too long."

Guitars thrugged, drums rumbled and vocals growled as the band kicked into new track "Smithsonian." Hard Feelings' fast paced, frenetic punk sound continued to explode into the crowd's ears with tunes like "Burnt Offerings," "Wait" and "Ah Snake." The group smiled as they plied out rock riffs, while Boyle pulled some rock star moves as he played with his guitar resting on his head. They ended the night with the

blistering number "E On The 3."

All in all, it was a night of three solid sets from three local bands. Hard Feelings were back after moving forward after their tragic loss. Art was appreciated, music was heard, drinks were drunk and everyone left with ringing ears as a parting souvenir.

—Ming Wong

BLACK WIZARD / WILDILDLIFE

Zoo Chop / February 18

There's no better way to spend a Friday night than being packed in a room with your closest friends, cheap pale ales and some burgeoning local talent. This night was no exception, as I was in the back of a record store and stuck in the middle of a mosh-pit at the CD release party for New Westminster's psychedelic metal champions Black Wizard.

Getting the show off to an enjoyable, sweaty start was Seattle trio Wildlidlfe. Sounding like a heavier Animal Collective, Andy Crane, Matthew Rogers and Willy Nilz filled the small venue with lengthy passages of atmospheric sounds and 4:20 friendly boogie metal. The best part about up-and-coming acts is that they are generally friendly to their fans, and Wildlidlfe was no exception. After an energetic performance, the audience and the venue were thanked and Wildlidlfe stuck around for the rest of the festivities.

With the night half over, and my shirt already fully soaked from sweat, local boys Black Wizard pushed through the crowd and took to the stage. I have honestly never heard kids in their 20's tear it up like this in a long time. Black Wizard's awareness of each other makes their music sound tight and fluid, even in times of heavy thrashing. Vocalist Adam Grant's voice has such an impressive range. He's capable of grinding his vocal chords during choruses, but he also has an impressive falsetto when needed. Not everyone can sing metal well, but after listening to Grant's expertly controlled vibrato on "Waves," it was obvious that he sure as hell can.

The rest of the band are just as talented. Kyle Fee's bass lines kept

up with the full-throated guitars, while drummer Eugene Parkomenko slammed his kit as if it were his last chance to ever do so. Guitarist Johnny De Courcy's stunning lead work on "Drugs" proved that quality metal is not an oxymoron, and that it is still very alive and well in Vancouver.

—Alec J. Ross

YO LA TENGO

The Rickshaw / February 19

You never know what to expect at a Yo La Tengo show. With no given explanation, the long-running outfit took the stage at the beginning of the night to inform us that they would not only be the headliners, but also—drum roll please—the opening act! Employing a novel "spin the wheel to decide what we play" gimmick, they invited a fan on stage to spin the circle. Some possibilities included, among others, a set from bassist James McNew's Dump solo project and songs that begin with the letter "S." One option would have found Yo La Tengo acting out an entire episode from a TV sitcom; that was the one I was hoping for. The tiny arms of the guest spinner, however, spun the wheel onto the group's lengthy, instrumental film score, *The Sounds of the Sounds of Science*.

The surprising opening set suggested—in the best possible way—what it must sound like when instruments are struggling with cognitive dissonance. Melodic arrangements met with abrupt drum crashes as Ira Kaplan's guitar was brought to life via his cornucopia of effects pedals. Unfortunately, it was obvious that Yo La Tengo was losing their audience. *The Sounds of the Sounds of Science* was meant to be heard while viewing high definition shots of jellyfish and seahorses—the album was made to score filmmaker Jean Painlevé's underwater documentaries. Although not entirely engaged, the audience was still appreciative, applauding whenever a soundscape ended. Afterwards Kaplan thanked the audience. "We're going to pick it up a notch and then take a break," Kaplan said, and like a sun brightly shining in the break of an overcast sky, he, along with McNew and

drummer/co-founder Georgia Hubley, broke into some inspired blues.

After a short break, the group once again took the stage, but this time with some bounce in their step. First they performed songs from their Condo Fucks project, as well as a few selections from the critically acclaimed *Popular Songs*. Then the band struck into some fan favourites. Kaplan's voice on "Autumn Sweater" was as pristine as it was when it popped up 12 years ago, while Hubley's percussion work on the number was as heavy and lucid as ever. Yo La Tengo later ended their set with a praiseworthy rendition of Daniel Johnston's "Speeding Motorcycle."

In a nutshell, Yo La Tengo are a multifaceted musical powerhouse. They are experts at cover songs, experimental musicianship, and, quite frankly, whatever else they attempt. Their diverse back catalogue makes it possible for anyone to enjoy their music and it was an absolute privilege to see these experts at work.

—Alec J. Ross

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PIZZA PARTY

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24

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MEN

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

LOVERS

30

THE BETMORE & TIMBRE PUBLIC PRESENT:

O DEATH

THE STRANGE BOYS

WITH GUESTS

NATURAL CHILD

31

TIMBRE PRESENTS:

ACID

MOTHERS

TEMPLE

THE MELTING

PARAISOUL F.O.

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

TEEN DAZE

28

TIMBRE PRESENTS:

TORO Y MOI

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

TEEN DAZE

3 THURSDAY

GLOBAL BASS VOLUME 2

FEATURING

KUSHARORA

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4

THE BETMORE PRESENTS:

PAUL ANTHONY'S

TALENT TIME!

9

LIVE ACTION PRESENTS:

ALEXI

MURDOCH

WITH GUESTS

16 MIAMI

DISCOVER

A ST PATRICK'S HIP-HOP PARTY

FEATURING

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FRIDAY

17

TIMBRE PRESENTS:

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DELICATE STEVE

25

SEALED WITH KISSES PRESENTS:

THE PARLOTONES

WITH GUESTS

IMAGINE

DRAGONS

26

THE BETMORE & THE ELEGANT PRESENT:

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WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

PVT + FAMILY BAND

FRIDAY

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STRICTLY THE DOPEST HITZ OF FEBRUARY

#	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL	#	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	SubtractiveLAD*	<i>Kindred</i>	N5MD	26	Envy	<i>Recitation</i>	Temporary Residence
2	Destroyer*	<i>Kaputt</i>	Merge	27	Ghostface Killah	<i>Apollo Kids</i>	Def Jam
3	The Wailin' Jennis*	<i>Bright Morning Stars</i>	True North	28	Los Fabulocos	<i>Dos</i>	Delta Groove Music
4	Braids*	<i>Native Speaker</i>	Flemish Eye	29	Jon Mueller	<i>The Whole</i>	Type
5	Swans	<i>My Father Will ... A Rope To The Sky</i>	Young God	30	Sonic Youth	<i>Simon Werner a Disparu/OST</i>	SYR
6	Channels 3 & 4*	<i>Christianity</i>	Gilgongo	31	Jim Bryson & the Weakerthans*	<i>The Falcon Lake Incident</i>	MapleMusic
7	Wanda Jackson	<i>The Party Ain't Over</i>	Third Man	32	Various*	<i>Little ... of And Probably Never Will</i>	Little Whore
8	The Decemberists	<i>The King is Dead</i>	Capital	33	Eskmo	<i>s/t</i>	Ninja Tune
9	Mogwai	<i>Hardcore Will Never ... You Will</i>	Sub Pop	34	Michael Rault*	<i>Ma-Me-O</i>	Pirates Blend
10	Buck 65*	<i>20 Odd Years</i>	Warner	35	Brian Eno	<i>Small Craft on a Milk Sea</i>	Warp
11	Nobunny	<i>Raw Romance</i>	Burger	36	Tennis	<i>Cape Dory</i>	Fat Possum
12	The Smith Westerns	<i>Dye It Blonde</i>	Fat Possum	37	The Streets	<i>Computers and Blues</i>	679
13	The Dears*	<i>Degeneration Street</i>	Dangerbird	38	Daniel Martin Moore	<i>In the Cool of the Day</i>	Sub Pop
14	Fergus & Geronimo	<i>Unlearn</i>	Hardly Art	39	The Rural Alberta Advantage*	<i>Departing</i>	Paper Bag
15	Deerhoof	<i>Deerhoof vs. Evil</i>	Polyvinyl	40	The White Wires*	<i>The White Wires II</i>	Dirtnap
16	Jandek	<i>Chicago Wednesday</i>	Corwood Industries	41	Richard Pinhas	<i>Metal/Crystal</i>	Cuneiform
17	The Go! Team	<i>Rolling Blackouts</i>	Memphis Industries	42	Crocodiles	<i>Sleep Forever</i>	Fat Possum
18	Iron And Wine	<i>Kiss Each Other Clean</i>	Warner	43	The Hobophobes*	<i>s/t</i>	Independent
19	Miesha & the Spanks*	<i>Gods Of Love</i>	Transistor 66	44	Various*	<i>Deep Wireless 7: Radio Art Compilation</i>	New Adventures In Sound
20	The Good Lovelies*	<i>Let the Rain Fall</i>	Independent	45	Eddie Spaghetti	<i>Sundowner</i>	Bloodshot
21	Colin Stetson	<i>New History Warfare Vol. 2: Judges</i>	Constellation	46	LCD Soundsystem	<i>London Sessions</i>	DFA
22	Tommy Guerrero	<i>Lifeboats and Follies</i>	Galaxia	47	Personal & the Pizzas	<i>Raw Pie</i>	1234 GO!
23	Akron/Family	<i>S/T II: The Cosmic Birth ... Shinju TNT</i>	Dead Oceans	48	Ducktails	<i>Ducktails III: Arcade Dynamics</i>	Woodsisit
24	Amos Lee	<i>Mission Bell</i>	Blue Note	49	Bardo Pond	<i>s/t</i>	Fire
25	The Black	<i>Sun in the Day Moon at Night</i>	Moon Records	50	Social Distortion	<i>Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes</i>	Epitaph

CİTR's charts reflect what's been played on the air by CİTR's lovely DJs last month. Records with asterisks (*) are Canadian. Most of these excellent albums can be found at fine independent music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them, give CİTR's music coordinator a shout at (604) 822-8733. His name is Luke Meat. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to find them. Check out other great campus/community radio charts at www.earshot-online.com.

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